Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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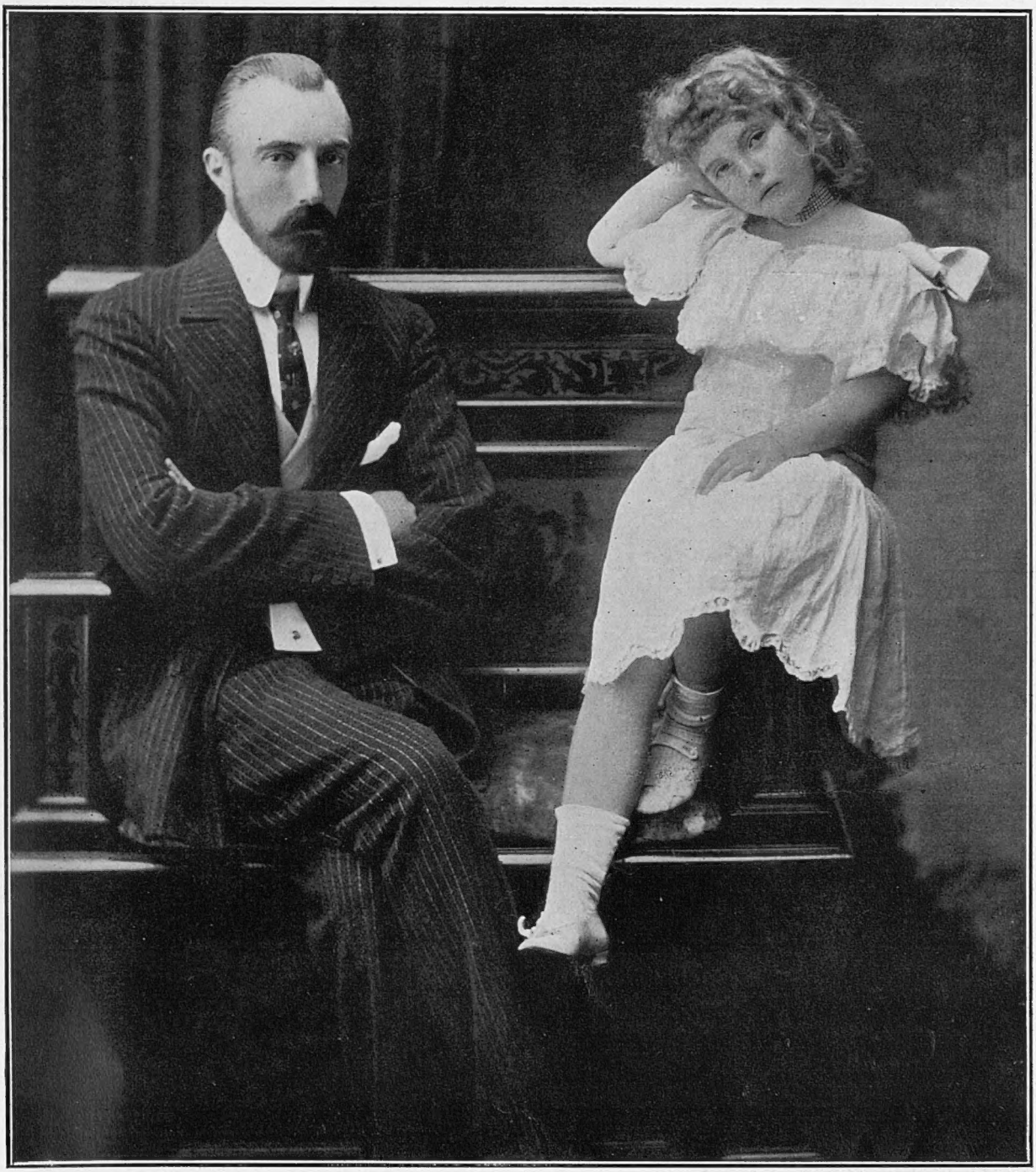

Mendelssohn

The Grand Duke Michael and his little Daughter

t been reinstated by the Tsar to the princely position which he forfeited on his marriage to Von Merenberg (Countess Torby), against the wishes of the late Tsar

No. 26.—Vol. II.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

June 1, 1904

There is a hubbub ot suppressed excitement just now on the Continent respecting the diplomatic rupture between the Vatican and France. And it is a matter of considerable importance, not only by reason of its immediate results, but also because of the enormous influence which France, as a Catholic Power, wields in the Chancellories of Europe. France has been, hitherto, through all her vicissitudes, the champion of Papal Power, and has poured lives and treasure without stint to maintain the position of the Vicar of Christ in all its mediæval magnificence.

But of late years there has been growing a steady change of public opinion in France. The truth is, Republicanism is not the spirit which breeds Roman Catholicism. The two are not kindred; the one breathing independence, the other utter subservience. As years have gone on, France has looked less and less sympathetically on the pretensions of the Pope to temporal power, as meantime, while the march of progress has moved steadily onwards, reform, within the sacred portals of the Catholic Church, is a word as yet unknown.

For her part France commenced a new era of existence after the disasters of 1870. With the downfall of the Monarchy, one of the most poignant factors for the power of the Catholic Church disappeared. The statesmen of France, wishing to awaken that great nation from the mental lethargy of centuries, discovered the crass ignorance of the peasant and bourgeois classes brought up under the ægis of the Church, and they determined to combat a state of affairs which, as lovers of their country, they felt required instant efforts.

It is not difficult to imagine the colossal task which confronted them. If a religious power is supreme in the land, to dislodge it would seem a well-nigh impossible task. From infancy to old age, but one lesson had been firmly instilled into the minds of the people, and that one lesson was the greatness, the magnificence, the semi-divine power of the Church of Rome.

The fight was necessarily a bitter and a long one, and in the end Rome might have triumphed, as she has done before. But the greatest blunder, which, in the course of her long career, even she has committed, came to the rescue of her opponents. The Dreyfus case, with its tissue of lies, forgery, and chicanery was engineered by the priests, and in time these have been found out, as everything false must be discovered, sooner or later. The prestige of the Church has fast dwindled, and when, added to this, we get also the advantage of a nation being educated without the domination of the priests, we see at once how tremendously the hands of French statesmen have been strengthened.

Within a very few months two important events have taken place in France. The monasteries have been suppressed amid the indifference of the nation as a whole. Monasteries and convents surrendering their independence by receiving the visit of a Government official are still permitted to exist, but their wings are clipped and, in fact, the principal religious houses have preferred to leave France rather than submit to supervision. Although the priesthood did its best to excite the country by compelling the Government to forcibly evict the clerics, it failed most signally, which is a very significant fact.

The second remarkable occurence in this religious war—for it is nothing less—was the recent order of the Government to remove every crucifix or religious symbol from Courts of Justice. It was a bold action and has caused a great deal of comment in France. Perhaps the move was not a very great feat of statesmanship, for, after all, the quarrel is with the pretensions and the power of the Vatican, and not with Christianity, and to a great number of Christians a crucifix is a very great and a very holy emblem.

But be that as it may, the temper of France is such that it requires the utmost diplomacy on the part of the Holy See to prevent the rupture being permanent. At this juncture M. Loubet goes to Rome to see—the King of Italy! Cardinal Merry del Val protests in a manner so haughty and insolent that even friends of the Vatican are alarmed, and to Cardinal Merry del Val's threats, France retorts by recalling her Ambassador. What the result of this will be, matters very little in the long run. Whether France permits her Ambassador to return to the Vatican or not, the reign of the Papacy over France is fast drawing to a close.

We beg to announce that we shall shortly publish a Series of Articles from the pen of Miss Marie Corelli. In these Articles, the exclusive rights of which we have obtained, Miss Corelli will discuss, in her characteristic way, some of our most serious social problems.

The Bystander in Parliament

A PLEA FOR A MARRIED PREMIER

I was delighted to hear Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman declare the other day that he is an "anti-two-o'clocker, an anti-dinner-hourer, and an anti-week-ender." In this he has set himself against the three cardinal sins involved in the Balfourian heresy, which have changed the House of Commons so much for the worse. This evil change is to a great extent the result of having a bachelor Prime Minister, one who has no domestic ties, no comforts of hearth and home.

Indeed, the abandoned man trades upon the domestic instincts in others. He arranges that questions shall begin soon after two o'clock, well knowing that the good married man is tempted to linger at home to lunch with his wife and children, and thus cannot pester Ministers with questions. Mr. Balfour calls this "a kind of natural protection which diminishes full free trade in questions." Surely it is monstrous for this unmarried Minister to trade upon the holiest instincts in his fellow-men in this manner. The wives and children of hon. gentlemen are thus used as pawns in the game—as a sort of hostage.

When the innocent prattler at home detains the indulgent father in sweet dalliance there is a crafty, calculating Premier in the House evading some troublesome question in consequence. Or when the good wife of a member discusses ways and means, and possibly a supplementary estimate with her lord, over the luncheon table, this too is made to answer the purpose of a bachelor leader of the House! I have seldom seen a more shameless exhibition of cynical effrontery.

Again, there is the fixed dinner hour, against which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman protests—what has Mr. Balfour to say to that? Well, he says it gives a member a chance of having a change of scene, and that it makes it impossible that he shall be summoned away by a "count" between the fish and the joint. Here again the unmarried man cannot appreciate all the sufferings which his rule has caused, for once more it tries chiefly and most keenly the good family man.

The dinner hour lasts from half-past seven until nine, and thus the domestic member can get home. But there must be no waste of time. If the cook is a little late—and cooks are quite human—the legislator is apt to curse, or at least to protest. This may lead to a policy of retaliation, with sidelights on the question of home rule. And, again, supposing the dinner was served punctually and was over a little before nine—when do slippers and the easy chair and all the charms of the fireside appear so luring? The way to the House may be long, and the wind be cold, perchance the member is infirm and old. It is the very refinement of torture to let the poor fellow have this peep of bliss only to tear him away to dull and dismal duty.

It may be that when the time to return to the House has come, the member's wife has just begun to tell him how little Eva has cut another tooth, or how Tommy has battled and overcome the measles. Nay, possibly the hon. gentleman's mother-in-law has arrived and insists on explaining her state of health, or how she used to manage her husband in other days. Now it would be a grave tactical error for any man to leave, or to suggest leaving, at such a time. Yet what can a single man, like Mr. Balfour, know of these domestic charms or terrors?

Some member should move the adjournment of the House to call attention to Mr. Balfour's unmarried condition as a definite matter of urgent public importance. It seems to me that a majority of the House should have the power to have him married, leaving the choice to himself, but in default finding the wife also. It might be left to a select committee, or to a jury of matrons, but somehow or other we *must* have Mr. Balfour married. The wife might be voluntary or provided—like the schools of the country. Then Mr. Balfour would know all about the difficulties which beset the married man who tries to get to the House at two o'clock, or who would fain scramble away from the domestic dinner-table in order to go down to "that silly old House," as very possibly Mrs. Balfour would call it.

As to the week-end I admit that Mr. Balfour has more knowledge—and that fact makes his allusions to it quite unpardonable. He defends the week-end because he says that many members have places of business in the country, and this arrangement allows them to hurry away at the end of the week, and to visit these provincial offices or shops or factories. I hesitate to say "Walker" to a man occupying so distinguished a position as that of Prime Minister—but that is what I mean. These gentlemen who hurry away on Friday night, in gaudy tweed suits, with huge bundles of golf clubs are not hastening to offices and factories in country towns.

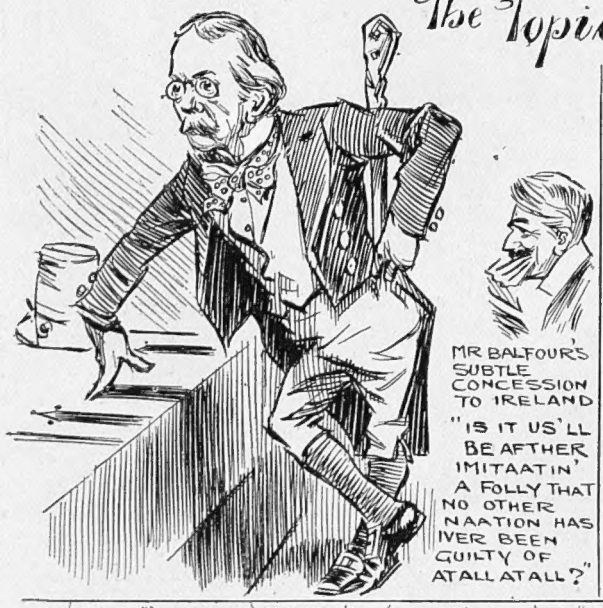
Mr. Balfour knows what they are up to well enough. Golf is the insidious underminer of Parliament. Golf made the week-end, golf occupies the attention of most members, even when they are at Westminster—and who is responsible for golf in the House? Why, Mr. Balfour! It seems to me that he should be compelled to renounce the game and its works, as well as to marry, and then the House would be comfortable again.

S. L. H.

The Topictator

A WAIL

"SIX MONTHS AGO AT MY WIFE'S SUGGESTION, I ORDERED THE ENCYCLOPŒDIA BRITANNICA AND EVER SINCE SHE HAS DONE NOTHING BUT THROW IT IN MY FACE"



MR BALFOUR'S SUBTLE CONCESSION TO IRELAND

"IS IT US'LL BE AFTHER IMITAATIN' A FOLLY THAT NO OTHER NAATION HAS IVER BEEN GUILTY OF AT ALL AT ALL?"

ACCORDING TO LORD HUGH CECIL MR CHAMBERLAIN RESEMBLES BOB ACRES. HE IS VERY BOLD BEFORE SELECTED AUDIENCES BUT WHEN IT COMES TO A DEBATE AND A VOTE IN THE COMMONS HE FINDS HIS COURAGE OOZING OUT AT HIS FINGERS' ENDS.

"WHEN A MAN AND WOMAN WERE PUT IN THE DOCK AT SOUTHWARK POLICE COURT THE MAGISTRATE ASKED IF THEY WERE FRIENDS "NO" SAID THE POLICEMAN "THEY ARE MAN AND WIFE."

SHADE OF METHUSALEH

"O, YOU WAG! GREAT AEONS! HOW I LAUGHED AT THAT JOKE WHEN I WAS A BOY!"

THE DAILY EXPRESS" REPORTS THAT A LADY IN PENNSYLVANIA HAS DISLOCATED HER ARM THREE TIMES IN 18 MONTHS IN TRYING TO BUTTON HER BLOUSE AT THE BACK. THERE IS, HOWEVER, NO TRUTH IN THE REPORT THAT MR SWIFT MCNEILL HAS BROKEN HIS NECK IN TRYING TO KEEP DOWN HIS CHOLER

FG

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

Pardon for a Royal Exile

The welcome news that the Tsar has consented to reinstate the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch recalls a romantic marriage contracted in the face of Royal displeasure. For having married Countess Sophie von Merenberg (Countess Torby) against the express orders of the late Tsar, in 1891, the Grand Duke lost all his princely rights, and was struck off the Army List. He was reinstated by the present Tsar as Staff Captain, but, with his wife, continued to live a life of happy exile, King Edward and Queen Alexandra standing their firm friends. The Grand Duke and the Countess Torby spend a portion of each year in England, where they have innumerable friends, and the hospitality they receive here is paid back with manifold interest each winter at Cannes. As most people are aware, the Grand Duke is a golf enthusiast; he spends a great portion of each year on the delightful golf links, with the laying and arranging of which he was so much concerned. The Countess Torby has three little children, to whom she is devoted, and the eldest of whom is King Edward's god-child. The Grand Duke has been promoted to the rank of Captain, his new commission to date back to 1900.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.

The appearance of Mr. Churchill upon the platform of the Liberal Federation marks a stage in that rearrangement of parties which Mr. Chamberlain's State-stroke foreshadowed. Whatever our views upon the question of the hour, we cannot but recognise the courage and consistency which Mr. Churchill has displayed in political life, and the cordial welcome accorded by his new allies affords a measure of the good humour he has inspired throughout the country. He is one of the few politicians who contrive to be always interesting. In his campaigns, in his writings, in his speeches, there has always been a buoyant freshness which disarmed criticism. Whatever he may do or say, you cannot be angry with him. Even those who dislike his opinions may find pleasure in his methods of expressing them. However serious the subjects which he takes up, the lightness of his touch makes it impossible for him to be dull. We may say, in all good faith, what Mr. Chamberlain once said of him with a note of sarcasm, that there is nothing he touches which he does not adorn. His speeches make very light reading, but they are never those of a dilettante, for the quickness of his brain enables him to master a subject, while others would be still groping at its portals. This faculty he inherits from his father, whom he resembles in features, mannerisms, and a hundred little ways. When he stands with his back to the fire, expounding his views to a deputation; when he is delivering a fighting speech to a crowded audience, you need only half close your eyes to imagine that Lord Randolph is there. He is much more of a politician than ever his father was. Lord Randolph did great things in a short space of time. With the help of two or three free lances, he broke the serried ranks of the strongest Liberal Government of modern times; more difficult

Photo by *Lafayette*

Countess Torby

Wife of the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, who has just been reinstated to his princely position by the Tsar

still, he unseated the "old gang," the somnolent leaders of his own party. But he never possessed that sixth sense, the parliamentary *flair*, which is so acutely developed in his son. Waking or dreaming, hunting or shooting, dining or dancing, Mr Winston Churchill lives in a parliamentary atmosphere. He is steeped and saturated with politics. Politics are his meat and drink, his labour and recreation, his pleasure and his pain. Many persons are already speculating what position he will occupy in the next Liberal Government, and all are agreed that he is bound to go far. Perhaps his chief assurance of success lies in the fact that, while by no means an Opportunist, he always knows instinctively what the people want and his principles direct him to the popular side. Moreover, he possesses a gift for organisation and a power of attracting personal regard. As Mr. Morley said the other day, he will carry on the lamp when older hands have let it fall.

Photo by *Duffus*

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.

Lady Marjorie Gordon

A most interesting engagement just announced is that of Lady Marjorie Gordon, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, to Captain John Sinclair, M.P. Lady Marjorie, besides being pretty, is most popular wherever she goes. She is distinctly philanthropic in her ideas, having inherited this trait from her clever mother, whose constant companion she has always been, acting as her right hand in Lady Aberdeen's manifold duties and entering largely into her work. Like her mother, too, Lady Marjorie is devoted to dogs and is rarely seen without one. She is fond of all outdoor pursuits and is an expert skater, having had constant practice in Canada while her father was Governor General there.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen hold strong ideas on

Photo by *Dickinsons*

Captain John Sinclair, M.P.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Marjorie Gordon

Whose engagement has just been announced

the question of education, as is shown not only in the strong personality which characterises their daughter, but in the practical way in which their two sons are being educated in Scotland, in the engineering works.

The Youngest Admiral

On this page we reproduce the latest photographs of the junior and senior members of the Royal Navy. Although nearly ninety years lie between their respective ages, both are admirals. The younger, indeed, Edward Arthur Donald St. George Hamilton Chichester, Marquess of Donegall, bears the honorary title of Lord High Admiral, a post which nowadays is only filled in nautical librettos. The Naval command which sits so lightly on the shoulders of the youngest British peer dates from the bad old days of Queen Elizabeth, when it was necessary to maintain a naval force on Lough Neagh.

The Oldest Admiral

Sir Erasmus Ommanney, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, is the oldest British admiral alive. He joined the Navy at the early age of twelve, and was present at the battle of Navarino in 1827, and is practically the last survivor of that event. He was on board the *Royal George* which conveyed Queen Adelaide to Holland, and took part in the Arctic Expedition in 1838 in search of the missing whalers, whilst to him was due the discovery of the first traces ever found of Franklin's ships. After seeing service in the Russian war, he was senior officer on the coast of Central America in 1857, and, later, was in charge of the Naval station at Gibraltar. Sir Erasmus retired from the Navy in 1874, was knighted in 1877, and made a K.C.B. in 1902.

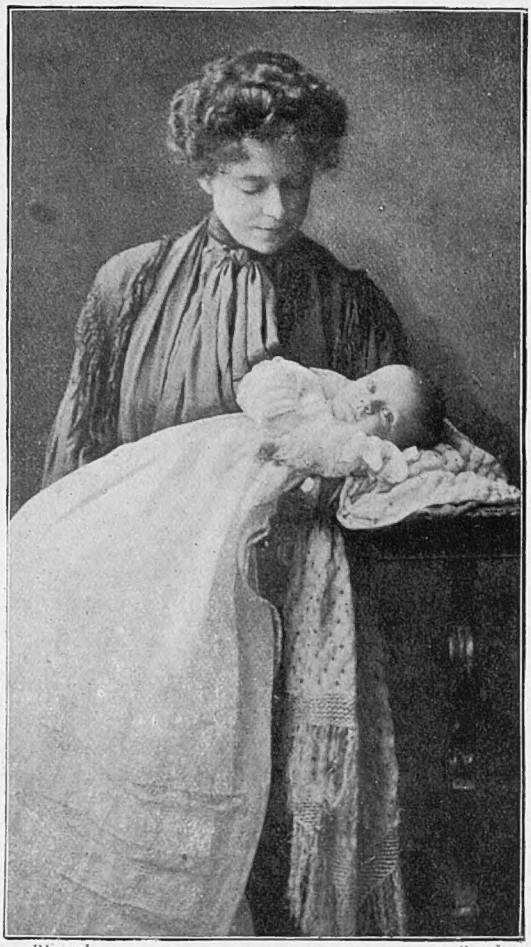


Photo by *Spink*

The Youngest British Admiral

The infant Marquess of Donegall, who is barely eight months old, and is seen in his mother's arms, is Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh

Photo by *Maull and Fox*

The Oldest British Admiral

Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, who has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday

Lady Ursula Grosvenor

A charming and much-prized baby is Lady Ursula Grosvenor, the winsome two year old daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster. She is a very sturdy child, and has already developed a will of her own. Her mother, (whom Lady Ursula closely resembles), though a mere girl in years, has a stately, reserved manner and a high sense of the responsibilities of her position; she takes life very seriously, and is always eager to benefit the poorer tenants on her husband's estates. It is characteristic of her that when she became Duchess of Westminster, instead of her former pretty name of Shelagh, she elected to be known by her second one of Constance as more fitting to the dignity of her new position. The Duchess who is a brunette, presents a great contrast in appearance to her fair-headed sister, Princess Henry of Pless.

Captain and Lady Colville

Captain the Hon. Stanley Cecil Colville, who has just been appointed to the command of the *Victoria and Albert*, can boast a distinguished career in the Navy. He served in both the Zulu War and in the Egyptian campaign, and in 1896 he led the Dongola Expedition up the Nile against the Dervishes with conspicuous success and was very seriously wounded. His pluck and skill were not forgotten, and he was specially mentioned in despatches at that time. In 1902 he married Lady Adelaide, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, Admiral of the Fleet, thus deepening his interest in, and attachment to, the Navy. His father, Lord Colville of Culross, was Equerry to the late Queen for many years, and Captain Colville

Photos by

Lady Colville

Lady Adelaide is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Clanwilliam, Admiral of the Fleet

Barnett

Captain the Hon. Stanley Cecil Colville, C.V.O., R.N.

Who has just been appointed to the command of the *Victoria and Albert*

Photo by *Webster*

Lady Ursula Grosvenor

The winsome and sturdy two year old daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster

has always been a favourite with the Royal Family, so that his appointment is a very popular one.

An African Monarch in Town

The Alake of Abeokuta, whose visits to the various sights of London are a source of joy to the populace and to facetious Press-men, is a very intelligent man, and is eager to copy in every way the white man's ways and customs. This, he is convinced, will make his people prosperous and happy. He has already, in his native kingdom of Egba, erected a very excellent court house, printing office, post office, secretariat, treasury, and prison, all built of brick, after European ideas, and kept scrupulously clean The position of the Alake is no sinecure, for among his subjects he has Christians, Mohammedans, and Pagans, and to rule different sects justly is a very real difficulty, as we have seen in Uganda. The Church Missionary Society has several churches in the Egba country, and the Wesleyan, Catholic, and American Missions are also represented. The Government is composed of a Native Council, the Alake being president, the three other kings and chiefs being members of the council. Mr. Punch, the British Commissioner, is there to advise the Alake's Government. Some educated Egbas, such as the Government secretary, treasurer, collector of tolls, postmaster, etc., also assist the Government. There is a small native police force, and sanitary inspectors. These latter are most necessary, for Abeokuta was the dirtiest and most insanitary place imaginable some six years ago, when the late Alake was a very old man and too fond of drink. It was necessary to admonish him several times, as his people persisted in interfering with the military telegraph wire, which was being constructed for the Government during the Anglo-French Boundary Commission. A mile or two of wire would frequently be stolen, and it was not until the late Alake was fined that he issued stringent orders that the wires must be untouched and the thefts were stopped. The people, or inhabitants, at that time were dirty and indolent—now they are sanitary and industrious. The improvement has been most rapid, and, should the present Alake's rule be a long one, we may expect great things of the Egba people in the future. He is a man of his word, and desires the real welfare of his people.

M. Edmond Blanc

The noted French sportsman, owner of Gouvernant, the Derby favourite

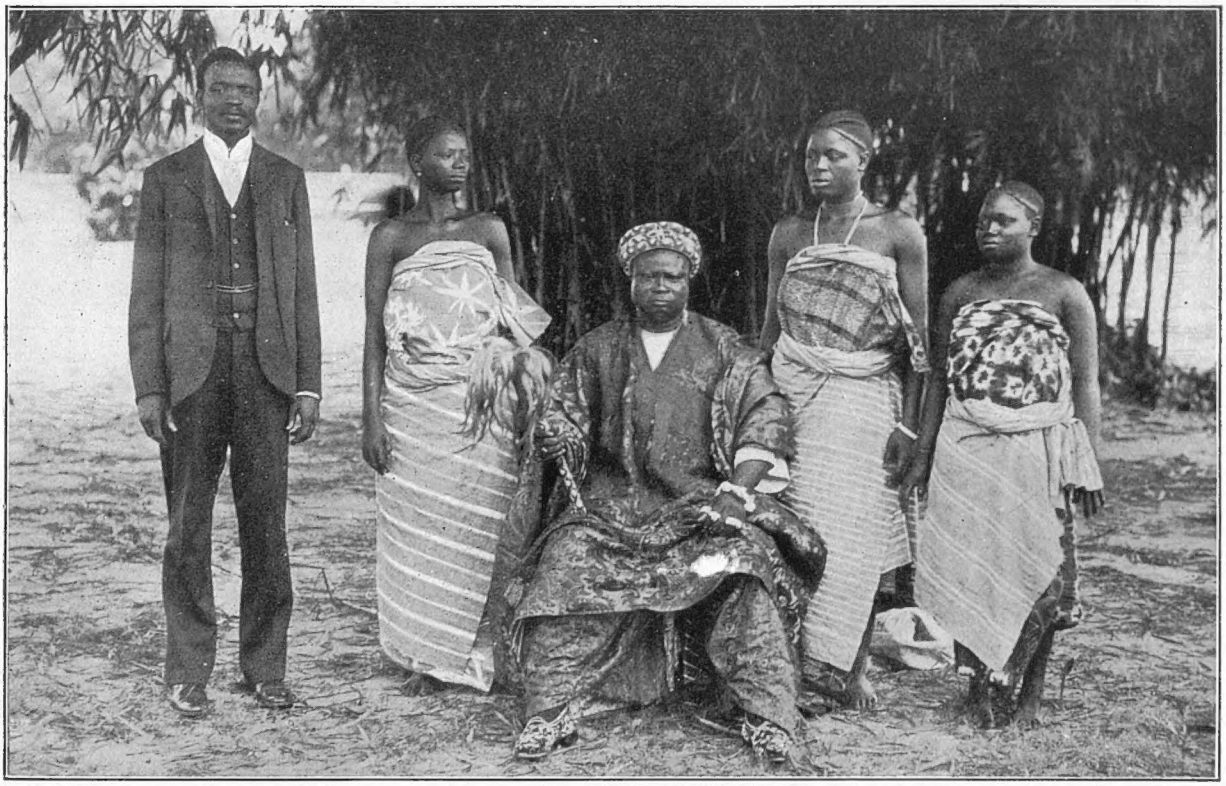


Photo by **The Alake of Abeokuta and his Wives** *King*

Prince Ladapa Ademola, the Alake's cousin and versatile *compagnon de voyage*, is seen standing on the extreme left of the illustration, which is from a photograph taken at Abeokuta before the Alake and suite started on their travels

The Play in London

"Lady Flirt" at the Haymarket

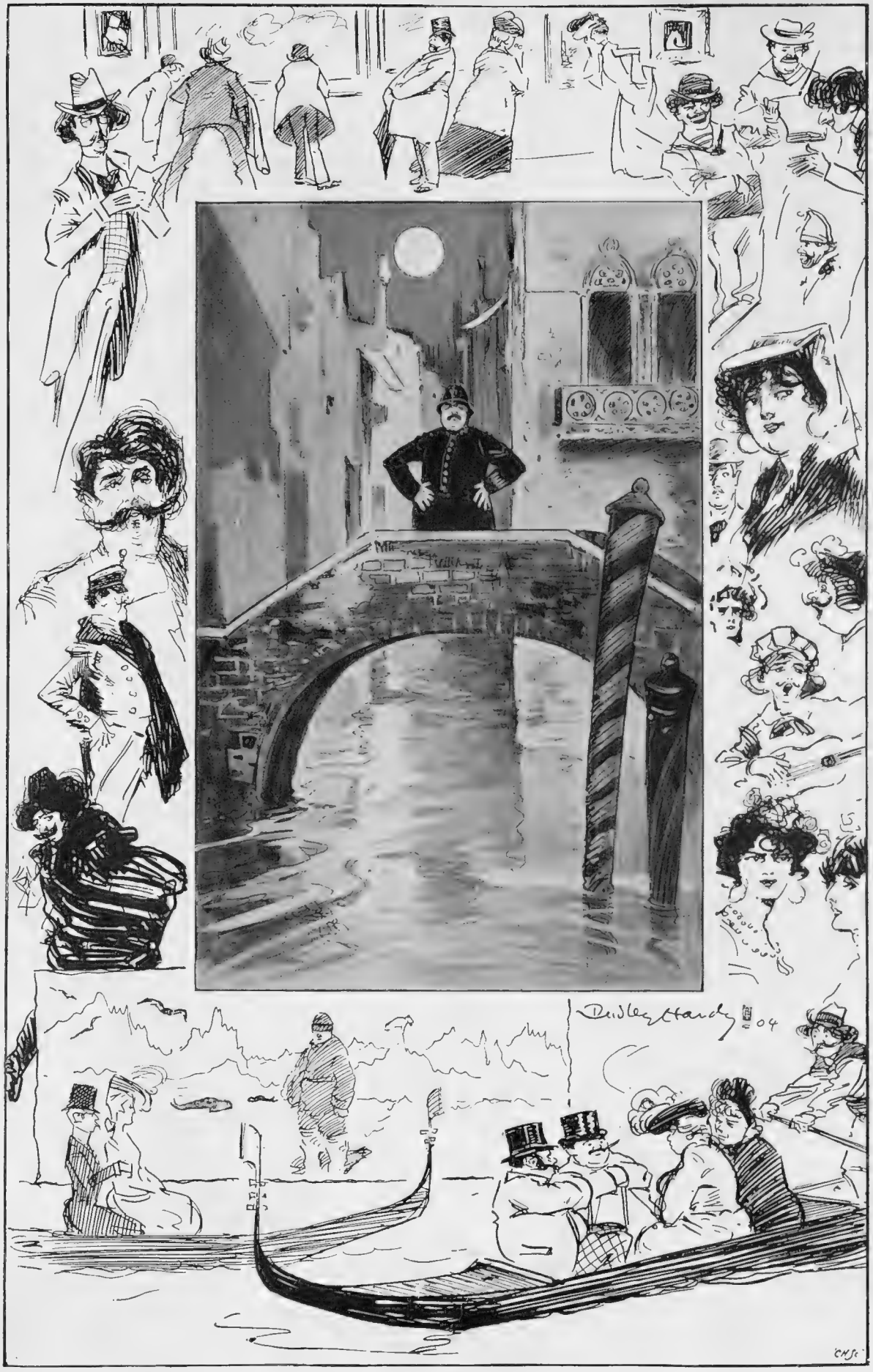
There are some plays that present themselves to one naturally in terms of actors, and not in terms of drama. One feels in regard to them in much the same position as the lady who went to see her favourite actor in a new piece, and came away very disappointed in him—"He said so little." So it is with the new piece at the Haymarket. It is almost impossible to think of it as a story in which human characters move and have their being. The whole thing resolves itself into a series of "turns," in which the favourite actor does his little bit of mild and pleasant entertaining and is then replaced by somebody else, who carries on the fooling. There is a story of a kind, certainly, in *Lady Flirt*—an adaptation from the French in connection with which, marvellous to say, the names of the French authors only appear on the programme. This recent fashion for giving but little prominence to the name of the adapter, and occasionally, as here, suppressing it altogether, is, it may be noted in passing, the expression of a growing and very admirable internationalism in dramatic art, which may possibly end in our giving French plays as French plays, without thinking it necessary to mimic what the vulgar consider the comicalities of French manners. But to return to *Lady Flirt*. There is a story in the play, certainly: and it must have been a very amusing story in the form which enabled the piece to run for a year and a half at the Athénée Theatre in Paris, before it was reconstructed to suit the very genteel tastes of the Haymarket public. But what remains of it now, is only the baldest kind of theatricalism, where the substitution of propriety for actuality has resulted in people being quixotically chivalrous for no adequate motive, and unreasonably suspicious for no adequate cause. And as the piece is not remarkable for any brilliance of dialogue, the whole thing resolves itself into genteel drawing-room fooling by the leading actors. It is here that Messrs. Harrison and Maude, with their careful knowledge of their public, are so excellently wise. Having to change their programme at the beginning of the London season, they have plumped for genteel, well-dressed silliness. And they are right. There is nothing that the season—why is "silly season" wrongly appropriated to a later period of the year?—enjoys so much as silliness, especially if it begins not earlier than nine o'clock. And at the Haymarket they get it.

The acting is very nice and pretty. Mr. Cyril Maude is engaging and mildly entertaining as the Englishman's idea of a young French Count, while Mr. Gilbert Farquhar represents the same conception of an old French marquis—except that he speaks French quite well. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is finished, delicate, and artificial, and all is excellently done, as usual. She is the high-spirited young widow, who saves her friend from the wrath of a husband by taking the fault upon herself—of course to the detriment of her marriage prospects with the cool-mannered, clear-headed, and masterful Mr. Fred Kerr, who sees through it all. Miss Beatrice Beckley, a new actress, is sympathetic as the unwise, but innocent (in the English version) wife, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas and Miss Madge Titheradge (the latter also a new actress) are entertaining as a pair of stage boy-and-girl lovers. Miss Titheradge is, indeed, more than entertaining; she is very charming, with a really sensitive and arresting personality, and should have a very distinguished career before her as an actress.

The Inwardness of Revivals

Mr. Beerbohm Tree's decision to fill up the end of his season with a series of revivals, instead of giving a new production, is in several ways a rather interesting indication of the current of theatrical affairs. In the first place, the policy is the same as that which was nearly always pursued at the Lyceum by Sir Henry Irving, who, I think, never gave a new production after Whitsuntide. But the importance of the step is interesting, not merely because it follows on the lines of Sir Henry Irving's management, but for the reasons which made it necessary both to Sir Henry Irving and to Mr. Tree. For His Majesty's Theatre is now fairly secure in its title to the succession of the Lyceum traditions, not only in methods of management, but in its dignity as the chief house where Shakespearean plays and other productions of what may nearly always be called the serious drama are presented in the grand manner. And it must, unfortunately, be admitted that the height of the London season is perhaps the worst time of the year to tempt the British public to regard the drama as a serious art. At the Haymarket, at Wyndham's and at all the comedy houses, new productions may be given with every reasonable chance of success, and the most prosperous play of the moment—Captain Marshall's delightful *Duke of Killicrankie*, at the Criterion—is the very lightest of light fare. Not that Captain Marshall does not deserve his success on artistic grounds; his piece is charming, and it is very often that the season's success is a thing of far inferior stuff, but it is a little distressing to think that, at a time of year when London is supposed to attract the most brilliant and representative in politics, intellect, and in Society, there should not be, as undoubtedly there is not, any more than a very limited market for work more serious. So we have Mr. Tree devoting his energies to revivals like his present programme (consisting of *The Last of the Dandies*, preceded by the effective little Rudyard Kipling adaptation, *The Man Who Was*), like *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which is to be given on the 6th with Miss Ellen Terry as Mistress Page, and like *Twelfth Night*, which is to be seen at a *matinée* on the 7th, where social and artistic interests are to be combined in the Fresh Air Fund, which is to be the charitable object of the occasion, and the *début* in London of Mr. Tree's daughter, who will appear in her own name part of Viola.

P. C.



"Venice by Night" at Earl's Court

A few impressions gathered by Dudley Hardy

"With the Long Bow" By G. K. CHESTERTON

FURTHER REMARKS ON FOREIGN CRITICISMS

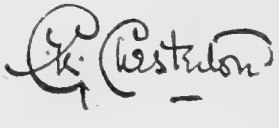
When we are told to see ourselves as others see us, the value of the advice is not self-evident. At first sight one would be inclined to ask why a gentleman who has been intimately acquainted with himself from his earliest years should go about asking for information from comparative strangers. We are inside ourselves, they are outside. Superficially it seems like asking a man to come out into his front garden to look at his house, to see if it is a desirable residence.

Nevertheless, there is a great truth in the idea, though the truth in it is not too often realised. The reason why we are bad judges of ourselves is, I fancy, this: that we have seen so much in ourselves, so many bewildering experiences, so many contradictory traits, that we are confused about the proportions of the things, and do not know which are the strongest elements. But outsiders do see which are the strongest elements, for the simple reason that they see which elements are strong enough to force themselves outward in speech and action. Every man is a Cosmos: every man contains everything there is, stars of sublimity, mud of vulgarity, fire of chivalry, frost of indifference, and every shape or form of spiritual creation. So that if you say to any man "jealousy," his conscience will tell him he is jealous; it will remind him that he was jealous of his brother Tom at the age of ten. Yet he may be particularly free from jealousy as men go; he may only have drunk once of that bitter wine. But this only an outsider can see; only a stranger, who knows and cares nothing for the little grain of his guilt, can do justice to the mountain of his innocence. Similarly, if you go up to a man and say (in a loud voice), "affection," his thoughts will fly at the instant to one or two tiny occasions on which he, like every other man, has felt affectionate. Yet he may be, considered generally, and by a sane human standard, a cold-blooded, grasping beast. And this information must, in the nature of things, be conveyed to him by some friendly looker-on. All that each of us knows of himself is that he is a mass of crude colours, of black vices, of white virtues, of grey doubts, of green hopes, of red passions, of blue devils. It is only people standing a good way off who can see the picture.

This general truth is exemplified particularly in the case of international criticism, the estimate formed by nations of each other. M. Boutmy's interesting book about the English, on which I touched last week, belongs to a class of works which are to be valued mainly for this reason. A foreigner, however brilliant, cannot understand some things about another nation at all. There are delicate compromises, there are dim general understandings in the soul of any living people, which cannot be translated.

There are things in England of which no Englishman has ever spoken since the beginning of the world, but which are there, so that we live by them. It is no wonder that M. Boutmy should show by omission that these things cannot be expressed in the terms of another civilisation. What wonder that these English things cannot be uttered in French, when they cannot be uttered in English? Some things like this, a man such as M. Boutmy misses. I cannot feel, for instance, that he really understands that queer, beautiful, laughable thing, the English religious feeling, so hazy, so reverent, so illogical, so humane, so kindly, so vulgar. These half-tints and hybrid tones in a people, the cleverest alien can seldom realise; just as the outsider is not the best judge of the secret jealousy of the man commonly generous, or the secret affections of the man evidently selfish. But of the main bold outlines, the main prevailing colours, the outsider is a good judge in both cases. And the individual man himself or the individual nation itself is a bad judge in both cases, because he or it is conscious of possessing every variety of line and colour.

For if you say to an Englishman "What is the political ideal of England?" he is in a natural chaos of mind. He knows there are and have been so many political ideals in England. Is the English ideal the ideal of Herbert Spencer, which is a scientific tea-party? Is it the ideal of the late Mr. Henley, which is a poetical pot-house? Is the English ideal Mr. Sydney Webb's ideal, a German Post Office? Is it Carlyle's—a melancholy King? Is it Shakespeare's—a jolly King? Is it Cobbett's? Is it Ruskin's? To M. Boutmy, or any able Continental man, all these diverse names and cries are blended, as it were, into one shout, of which he catches the precise note or tone. All these colours, in their various degrees of predominance, make up one complex tint, and that tint the foreigner catches and puts on canvas. And there emerges in his mind this impression, which is vague, which is hackneyed, which sounds tame and inadequate, but which is true and the only overwhelming truth; that the English care for liberty, for a field for action, for loose, random, happy, sentimental, and often quite useless action; and that they care for little else in comparison. What accident of provincialism or ignorance led Mr. Kipling and many other able men to talk about the English having a mission to spread "the law" I cannot imagine. We are no doubt a fairly law-abiding people, but this is not due to the excellence of our laws (for our laws are ludicrous) but to our own good humour and love of ease. But our hero is not Arthur or Charlemagne: our hero is Robin Hood. Our hero is Nelson, but Nelson with the glass to his blind eye. Discipline is the essence of a navy, and yet we contrive, in admiring a naval exploit, to admire also a breach of discipline.



FROM ABROAD.

A Unique Japanese Tea Garden

What is declared to be the only real tea garden outside of Japan is to be found in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. In size, it is no larger than Trafalgar Square, yet boasts of hills, streams, waterfalls, bridges, fish-ponds, walks, houses, pavilions, trees, gates, fences, plantations, and preserves. Our photograph depicts one of the pavilions just inside the entrance gates. In the centre of the garden there is a Japanese tea house, where anyone can partake of refreshments. The garden, which was built by Japanese, is still tended by Japanese gardeners.

Jubilee of the Semmering Railway

Festivities are in full swing this week in Vienna and in the neighbouring Alpine district to commemorate the construction, just fifty years ago, of the wonderful Semmering Railway, which now forms one of the connecting links of the great Southern Railway, leading from Vienna southwards to the Adriatic sea. The Semmering line is the oldest mountain railway in the world, and takes the tourist through some of the most beautiful parts of the Austrian Tyrol. The festivities commenced last Saturday, with the unveiling of a statue of Karl Ghega, the talented engineer, who first conceived the idea of the line, and carried it through in the face of many obstacles. Ghega, who died in 1860, was in the employ of the Austrian Government. His scheme for a railway line over a mountain 3,300 feet high was condemned, not only by experts, but by the world in general. At the time, however, the Government were badly in need of work for many thousands of unemployed after the suppression of the revolution in 1848, and for this reason the scheme was approved. Ghega completed his line in less than six years, and some years later died a poor man. During this week, visitors will be enabled to take excursions over the line, the most imposing parts of which lie between Payerbach and Semmering, at the summit. On June 5, the concluding day of the festivities, will be held a Styrian people's *fête*, which will doubtless be a most interesting event, by reason of the many quaint costumes worn on these occasions. At Mürzzuschlag, the last station on the Semmering railway, there is to be a performance of an historical play.

A Japanese Tea Garden in San Francisco

This tea garden, which is a faithful model of the well-known establishments in Japan, is said to be the only one of its kind in existence outside that country

Viaduct over the Cold Springs, Semmering

A glance at the above illustration will give some idea of the difficulties encountered by the promoter of this pioneer mountain railway

A Health Resort at Semmering, the Feature of which is the Cold Water Cure

This establishment, which is situated amid some of the most picturesque scenery on the route of the Semmering railway, is described in the German language as a "Kaltwasserheilanstalt"

SCENERY ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY, THE JUBILEE OF WHICH IS NOW BEING CELEBRATED IN VIENNA

The Commissioner's Camp on the Plain near Khamba-Jong

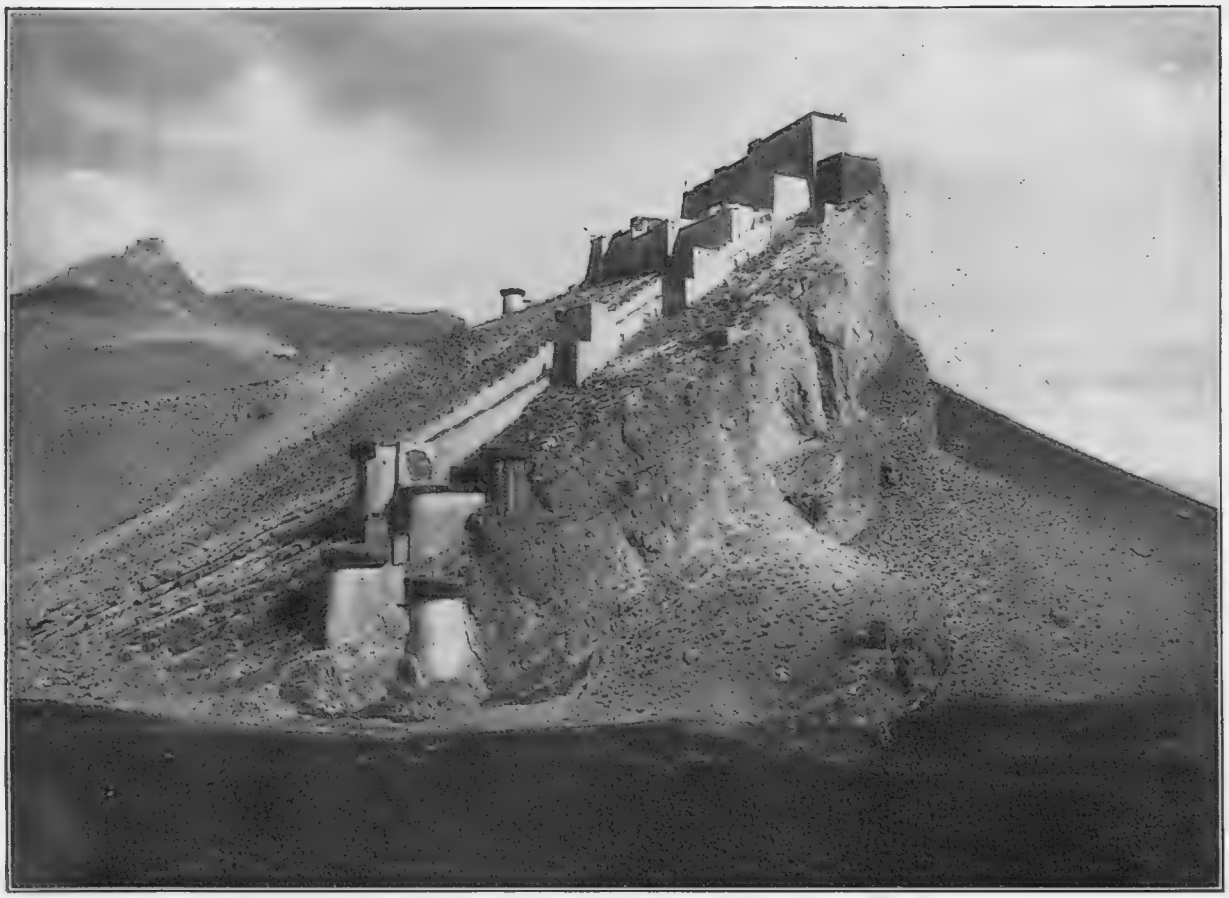
This illustration gives a good idea of the lie of the country in Tibet. Vast tablelands, at a height of from 13,000 to 15,000 feet above sea-level, fringed with snow-capped mountains, are among the most striking features of the country into which the British armed Mission is penetrating

The Lamasery above the Commissioner's Camp

Tibet is a land of monasteries, which are to be found in every village scattered throughout the country. Morality is not one of the strong features of the Tibetan religion, and the monasteries, which are supported by the country, do little to justify their existence

Khamba-Jong from the East

This fort, which is about 100 miles from Darjeeling and 250 miles from Lhasa, is on the frontier between Sikkim and Tibet. The ascent to the fort is by means of stone steps. The residents are somewhat proud of their water supply, which is a novelty in Tibet, being brought from the mountains by means of clay pipes



Khamba-Jong from the West

Khamba-Jong is a typical Tibetan hill fort. The word "Jong" means fort, and it was from such a stronghold that the famous "Jingals of the Jong" were fired recently upon the British Mission. Khamba-Jong, which is a place of some importance, is also used as a prison

IN TIBET: AT KHAMBA-JONG

"At the Sign of the Times"

Two Sides of a Question

Cyclists—says a *Daily Mail* correspondent—ought to carry onions in their pockets in order to protect themselves against the gnats and mosquitoes which threaten to be so prevalent this summer. Other people are now becoming anxious to know what they ought to carry in order to protect themselves against the cyclists.

Pour Encourager Les Autres

The Americans have decided not to win the Gordon Bennett race this year. To ensure this decision being carried into effect, they are not even going to start in it. Those who had the privilege of watching the efforts they made to start last year in Ireland, when they were such hot favourites, maintain that almost the chief interest of the forthcoming contest will disappear.

Elimination v. Annihilation

In connection with this event, by the way, many people are under the impression that the survivors of the eliminating trials held in the various countries are necessarily selected as representatives. This is not the most precise way of stating the case. It is necessary for representatives to survive, of course, but survival is not the only test in the more civilised countries at least. The reason is that, very frequently, more than three competitors survive. French enthusiasts have suggested that the Japanese system of hari-kari should be adopted in such cases, inasmuch as it possesses the comparative merit of simplicity.

An Official Announcement

Few of us would have suspected the War Office of harbouring such a chivalrous sentiment as is evinced in the following recent announcement: "Permission has been given for non-coms. and men of the foot guards to wear, *when walking out*, boots of lighter make than those issued regimentally. . . ." Even so, the foot guards should try to make a point of not treading on the toes of their fair companions.

The Timon of Essex

What constitutes "a wild man"? The ha'penny press has been much agitated about a man who lives, in some retirement, at Great Canfield in Essex. The only departure from the normal that we have been able to discover in him is that he has declined to be interviewed by a newspaper correspondent.

The Reason of his Wildness

The deduction drawn by the newspaper correspondent appears to be not only that the man is wild, but that he was jilted long years ago. The deduction we have drawn is that the man did not want to be interviewed and had the courage to say so. No doubt he is rather wild by now, whatever he may have been before the newspaper correspondent sought him out.

"Like the Awakening of the Mastodon"—

The weighty and voluminous utterances concerning its past, its present and its future, the benefactions it has conferred on mankind, and the subscriptions it expects mankind to confer on it—which the *Times* has been pouring forth in the advertisement sheets of the Press—have brought us a sheaf of inquiries from all parts of the world. We cannot hope to answer them all, but we mean in this column to give a few specimen replies, which may be of general interest.

Replies to Various Correspondents—

Here is one, for example, which we have sent to a lady signing herself "Kitty," who put some pointed questions:

"No, Kitty, the *Times* is not an American paper. It is printed in London. The Yellow paper you mention is not the *Times*, which has never to our knowledge printed a story called 'The Wolves of London.' Its foreign intelligence is always up to date, and it also prides itself on its 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'"

"Puzzled"

To "Puzzled," who wrote: "I have been reading the *Times* advertisements with the utmost interest, but cannot make out whether it can now be had for nothing or not. Could you enlighten me upon this point, as I should like to take in this great paper which has done so much for us all?" we were compelled to answer: The *Times* will in no case be delivered gratis, either now or hereafter. We doubt if it will ever even be on sale for a ha'penny."

"Terrified"

"Terrified" also wrote to say that she had been reading the *Times* advertisements—with a somewhat different result: "Can you tell me," she asks, "what will happen to me if I do not take in the *Times*? I am easily alarmed, and from certain passages—which I may have misread—it seemed to me almost illegal not to subscribe to it." Our reply is: "You need be under no apprehensions, 'Terrified' If you like to subscribe for a year, you will be able to get the *Times* for twopence instead of threepence. If you do not like to subscribe at all, you will be able to get some other paper. In any case, you will not be hanged, drawn or quartered."

MINIMUS.

AMERICAN TOPICS

Since that day—so big with destiny for our race—when the Americans first discovered England, there has never been so large an army of explorers sent across the Atlantic as, by all accounts, is to land on our shores this summer. Nor will they find us unprepared. The great hotels of London are extending their premises and stiffening their tariffs. The cocktail experts at the leading restaurants have had their six weeks' holiday, and are returning, bronzed and full of energy, to the almost superhuman task before them. Shakespeare's birthplace has been securely clamped down, and Wordsworth's tomb is under constant police supervision. The ancient hostelries of Fleet Street have placed unparalleled orders in Chicago for eighteenth-century pewter mugs, and have given their premises a brand-new coat of soot. Let the Americans come. We are ready!

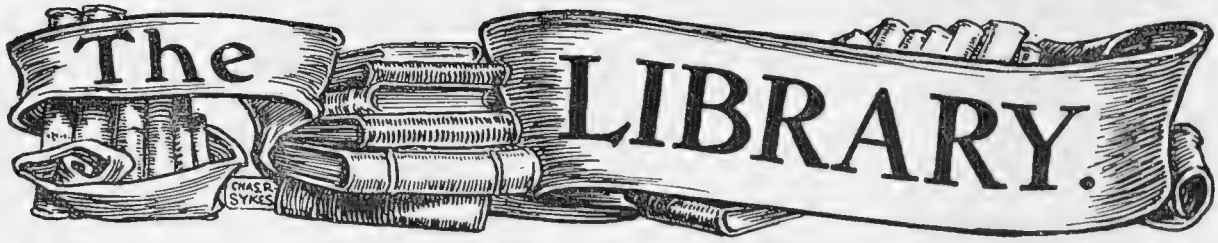
There are, by the way, a few litttle things still outstanding which we hope to see taken up, like the others, and reformed by American enterprise, as a result of this season's incursion. We want a new luggage-carrying system on the railways. We want saner heating arrangements in our houses. We want a kind of street-pavement which it shall be physically impossible for the local authorities to tear up at fortnightly intervals. We want a system of national education which both Dr. Clifford and the Bishop of London can contemplate with calm. These are a few of our principal needs, and if it really is wholly impossible to get them for ourselves, we should like the Americans to get them for us. Will they take a hint, and look into these things when they come?

There is going to be a President elected this year in the United States, and if the feverish rush to England is attributable to a desire, on the part of the harassed citizens, to get to a country where they do not have Presidents, we can fully sympathise with the feeling. The candidate of the Republican Party is to be Mr. Roosevelt, unless somebody should discover, in the interval between now and the nominating Convention, some stain on his private reputation. Nobody knows who will be the candidate of the other great Party, as the Democrats are at this moment fighting tooth and nail over the question; but the opposing sections are headed by Judge Parker, the champion of the conservative and capitalist wing of the Party, and Mr. W. R. Hearst, the great yellow journalist, at whose name every Trust magnate in America trembles.

The methods of Mr. Hearst are simple, but effective. If he finds his cause weak in any centre, he starts a new paper there which is calculated to clamour down all the rest of the local press. If he finds an opponent with a price marked on him, he pays the money. He is immensely clever, very rich, exceedingly ambitious, vastly popular with the masses of the people, and comparatively young. It appears, however, that in his salad days he was a sad dog; and his enemies in the Press openly congratulate one another on their power to blast his reputation (he was married last year) at any moment, if he really becomes dangerous. Just now, Judge Parker looks like winning in this chivalrous contest.

One Aspect of The American Invasion

Silas K. Wegg (of Chicago): "To-morrow, my gal, we shall arrive in Yurrup. Now, I don't want you to marry any of them counts or dukes. Just you wait till we happen across some king in redooced circumstances"



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Physical Deterioration: Its Causes and Cure." By Mrs. Watt-Smyth. (Murray: 6*s.* net.)

"Around the World with a King." By William Armstrong. A record of the wanderings of Kalakaua, the last King of Hawaii. (Heinemann.)

"Among My Autographs." By George R. Sims. With 70 facsimiles. (Chatto and Windus: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW FICTION

"Descent of Man" and other stories. By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Cloud and Storm." By Leith Derwent, author of "Our Lady of Tears." (Hurst and Blackett: 6*s.*)

"Motherhood." A tale of two temperaments. By L. Parry Truscott, author of "The Poet and Penelope." (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Great Pro-Consul." A novel dealing with Warren Hastings. By Sydney Grier. (Blackwood: 6*s.*)

A New Child in Fiction

"The Admirable Tinker." By Edgar Jepson. (Nash: 6*s.*)

In times when books about children have become one of the leading lines in the trade of authorship, and some of us are beginning to think that the child in literature has possibly been the merest trifle overdone, it is a joy to come upon a story dealing with an entirely new kind of infant. Mr. Edgar Jepson's "The Admirable Tinker" is not a biography (as I confess I assumed on taking it up) of the writer of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Tinker is a boy of twelve or thereabouts; and when one speaks of this volume as his story, it should be added that each of the chapters deals, in the modern fashion, with a separate episode in the period of Tinker's childhood that the work covers. The novelty of Tinker, maturely considered, amounts to this: he makes absolutely no appeal to the immense latent store of sentimentalism in the public which has led to the children's boom in the book-world. Of this sentimentalism it will not do to speak too harshly: under restraint, it claims a place in civilised character, and, indeed, ceases to be properly describable as sentimentalism. But the tendency to a maudlin tenderness over the notion of childhood, its weakness and its innocence, which is so marked to-day, is hardly a tendency calculated to help the world in building up strong adult character from infantile beginnings. No real service is done to a human being who has some day to face the world, be part of it, and possibly improve it, if, up to the last possible moment, he or she is encouraged to remain in a baby's paradise of ignorance, indulgence, and beauty. There is a mean between the mistaken child-worship of to-day and the mistaken rigours and suppressions which made our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers the more or less comic spectacles of hard narrowness that they were.

I don't know whether all this was in Mr. Jepson's mind when he made Sir Tancred Beauleigh, the widower and man about town, bring up the little Hildebrand Beauleigh in his own peculiar world of clubmen, hotels, race-meetings, Monte Carlo, and so forth. The situation is saved by Sir Tancred's immovable gentlemanship, which (on paper) enables him to bring the little Hildebrand, surnamed Tinker, through such a life, not merely uncontaminated, but looking out upon it and sharing in it, in a boyish way, in very much the manner of his distinguished father. Tinker, in short, is a little man of the world without ceasing to be a boy. He carries into the impish freaks with which this delightful book deals, the coolness, the resource, and the imperturbable politeness he has learned from his parent. The general effect is intensely amusing, and if it is unconvincing, at least I think it tends *donner à penser* to many a parent who feels the tendency to train his children as household pets, with no struggle in front of them.

A charming and ingenious gift of humour resides in Mr. Jepson, and each page of Tinker's adventures has its little turns of caustic character-drawing or amusing comment. Of timidity in the choice of incident no reader can complain: I may say that one of Tinker's feats is to run away with a flying machine, and take it across the Channel, in order to save a delicate financial situation. It may, perhaps, be hinted that the extremely upper-class character of Tinker's paternal circle is laid on rather recklessly. Sir Tancred's light and inoffensive disparagement of his step-mother's antecedents—she was the daughter of a wealthy banker—is rather surprising, for instance. Mr. Jepson, in his pride, may find it an unwelcome fact; but it is certainly the truth that the wealthy bankers of these days have succeeded, without seriously straining themselves, in attaining a place of some importance in society. E. Clerihew.

Chris the Confessor

"The Confessions of a Journalist." By Chris Healy. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

One of the more important things about confession is that one should have something to confess, and the most important that the thing confessed, if made public, should be supremely interesting. The title, "Confessions of a Journalist," would lead one to expect that one was about to be led into the presence of the great of this world, and thrilled with their stories of the making of Europe, of the secrets of courts, of eminent literary scandal, told by one who, inspiring the confidences of the great, was thought worthy to commit these confidences, in their due time, to print. Instead of which we have a few old stories not over well repeated, some Parisian *café* scandals, a few snubs from great men, and a few very ordinary conversations which every journalist who knows his profession frequently writes about once or twice, and brags about not at all.

Mr. Healy confesses that he follows a maxim which bids the journalist become a great man's shadow. This argues that such a one should have a mind equal almost to the great men. He confesses to a talk with Paul Verlaine—not knowing who he was, and to a talk with Mr. Whistler under the same cloak of ignorance. Mr. Whistler, he calls "Jimmy," however, as to a friendship born. Now, surely, any competent man in Paris, at that time, professing, as Mr. Healy does, to have been hand-in-glove with the choice literary spirits, would have known both these remarkable-looking men at once. His first impressions of Paris are recorded, and strike the note at once of inaccurate observation; he mentions that every man, as he left the Gare St. Lazare, was "well dressed," and that he saw the Seine "tearing along in feverish haste."

On one occasion Mr. Healy constitutes himself an Ambassador of Literary England, and does a sort of door-to-door visit at the houses of the great in Paris to garner their opinions on the merits of Mr. Gladstone, who had just died. Some, in their kindness, write him a word or two. Zola gives a few words, many will not say or write anything, so that Mr. Healy is reduced to writing the great men's opinions himself, and applying for signatures to them, "sending the 'copy' in triumph to the paper I represented," going to the length of following one of them into a *café*, where he was playing billiards. So we give the rich man bread, and live from the crumbs that fall from the table. He has, in chapter eleven, made copy out of the weary end of a great man's life, culling from him cheap epigrams, giving the smallest side of his nature, treating the entire chapter, which to-day should be beautifully and delicately written, in the worst possible taste, a quality which pervades the book from end to end.

Books to Appear Shortly

Encouraged by the success of his last book of reminiscences, "Confessions of a Caricaturist," Mr. Harry Furniss has written, and illustrated, another volume of his personal experiences, which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish, under the title of "Harry Furniss at Home." It will probably be ready this month. The book is thoroughly up-to-date. In the second chapter, for instance, the author deals with the political situation caused by Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy. Personal descriptions are also given of Whitaker Wright and other public personalities, while a whole chapter is devoted to the author's late friend, "Max O'Rell." One special feature is included among the illustrations—Mr. Furniss caricatures his own caricatures.

Another notable book expected this month is the first volume of the "Historical Monographs" series, announced some time ago by Messrs. Jack. Each volume will include, not only the most authentic pedigree which it is possible to produce in the light of genealogical research, but a history of the family in the male line brought down to the present day, and a complete list of all the living descendants, by both male and female lines. The first volume will be Dr. Jessopp's memoir of "William Cecil, Lord Burghley," the great Elizabethan statesman who, in the words of Froude, "did far more than any other man in his generation to shape and direct the course of English history." A remarkable collection of portraits of the Cecils—including one of the late Lord Salisbury by George Richmond, R.A., which has not previously been reproduced — will be included among the illustrations.

A volume of tributes from the friends and associates of Mrs. Croly, who was known as the "Mother of the Women's Club," is to come from Messrs. Putnam. Mrs. Croly was closely identified with all the movements in England and America for the broadening of woman's sphere, and was a general favourite with her colleagues. The forthcoming volume, which contains many letters and a biographical sketch, has been edited by a memorial committee of the Women's Press Club, of New York City, and is entitled "Memories of Jane Cunningham Croly, 'Jennie June.'"

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, whose last novel, "Through Sorrow's Gates," has deservedly been one of the most successful books of the season—it is already in its fourth edition—has since written a book in which he abandons his strenuous manner of adventure and fierce wooing, and gives us an English idyll. It is called "A Bachelor in Arcady," and tells of a man who dwells in rural peace among his animals, birds, and flowers, living in complacent contempt for such as have succumbed to the temptations of matrimony. In the end, of course, he discovers the girl who is all the world to him, and the curtain descends on the bachelor, a bachelor no more. Seeing that Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe has lately succumbed to similar temptations himself, it seems more than probable that the book—which Mr. Fisher Unwin is to publish—is to a certain extent founded on fact.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Neil Munro

On Friday next Mr. Neil Munro, the well-known novelist, will be forty years of age, having been born at Inverary, the tiny capital of Argyleshire, on June 3, 1864. Tall, straight, and fair, Mr. Munro is a typical Highlander, and doubtless the imaginative paragraphist could readily discover that "dreamy" look in his eyes which is so characteristic of the Celtic temperament; on the other hand, it might be due to short sight and much reading! Although, in the bad old days his forebears may have gone cattle-lifting and had good use for their dirks, he has wielded the pen since, as a boy, he first entered a lawyer's office in his native town, and has been actively engaged in Glasgow journalism for close on nineteen years; hence, perhaps, the pince-nez one commonly sees him wearing. I had occasion to touch upon the subject of romantic fiction some weeks ago, but think I did not then mention the name of Mr. Munro, which would certainly have strengthened my case, as I can hardly imagine even Mr. Hewlett denying the quality of romance to his "John Splendid," though it is true that the undesired element of character enters there. It is certainly masterly in its interpretation of the character of the eighth Earl of Argyle, while the hero of the book is of the very essence of the Celt, but the whole narrative is written in the true spirit of romance. Mr. Neil Munro's career is only one other example of an author succeeding by writing of the things he knows. His native town, historic though it be, is merely a tiny village set in a scene of wondrous beauty on Loch Fyne; but here, until he grew to manhood, Mr. Munro lived and learned the old stories of the fighting Celts and Highland tradition, and when, ten years after he had taken to journalism, he turned to the writing of books, he wrote of these old things he knew so well. He is said to be the author of a little book in the loathly Glasgow dialect, which was published a few weeks ago, under the title of "Erchie." The extraordinary and well-deserved success of "Wee Macgreegor" seems to have suggested this "Erchie," but I could wish that Mr. Munro had denied the imputation of its authorship; he has too rare a literary gift to put to such uses.

Photo by *Annan*

Mr. Neil Munro

Author of "John Splendid," "Doom Castle," and many other popular romances, having, as their basis, old Scottish legends and traditions.

Story-tellers of the Sea

I have been reading with much pleasure a book of very original quality, entitled "Deep Sea Vagabonds," by a new author, Mr. Albert Sonnichsen, who is described as an "Able Seaman," but who can write with vigour and has seen phases of life quick with interest, which he has the power to make vivid in the reader's mind. I am in some doubt as to what are the proportions of fact and fiction in "Deep Sea Vagabonds," but, as the net result is excellent, that is a point which need not trouble us. In the course of his book he takes an opportunity to compare the late Richard Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" with the novels of Mr. Clark Russell, very much to the disadvantage of the latter, which are said to depict sea life "about as true as dime novels illustrate life in the West—it's all cutlasses and boarding-pikes with him." Yet Mr. Russell knows the way of the sea even better than Dana did; only he has chosen to conventionalise his sailors, just as the country squires and peasants of comic opera have been cut to the same pattern for generations. It is one of the best evidences of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's literary genius that his stories are popular with sailors. "Here's a man that's followed the sea," said an old captain once in speaking of Mr. Jacobs's books. But I doubt if the author of "Many Cargoes" has ever been a week at sea.

Tongues in Trees

In a sense that Shakespeare never intended, modern invention has found tongues in trees, and I gather from a Chicago journal some suggestive statistics concerning the manufacture of paper from wood pulp. It appears that nine successful novels

recently published in the United States had a total sale of 1,600,000 copies, and, taking the average weight of each book to be twenty ounces, it will be seen that the approximate weight of paper used to print the rubbish would be 2,000,000lb. One of the makers of this shoddy paper asserts that the average spruce tree yields an amount of wood which makes about 500lb. of paper. "In other words," says my authority, "these nine novels swept away 4,000 trees, and they form but a small part of the fiction so eagerly read by the American public." I had always thought that the average American novel was a very "wooden" affair, and I am glad to have my opinion thus confirmed. It is, however, a merciful dispensation of Providence that the use of cheap paper made from wood-pulp means that books printed on it will soon crumble away.

Poets and Patriotism

I am glad to notice that so excellent a critic as Mr. Churton Collins has been endeavouring to revive interest in the poetry of Mr. Gerald Massey, who, like the late Philip James Bailey, has lived to see his work lose the hold it once had on the reading public. The veteran poet was seventy-six years of age last Sunday, and it is fifty-three years since his first book of poems, "Voices of Freedom," was published. Mr. Massey is, above all else, an intensely English poet, and no collection of patriotic verse would be complete in which he was not represented. I recall, for example, those lines:

Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
Of a past she can never forget;
And again shall she herald the world up higher,
For there's life in the old land yet.

It is, therefore, the more difficult to understand why, in such an age of patriotism, his poems should have fallen into neglect, and as they contain far more of the real stuff of poetry than Mr. Kipling's Jingo jingles, which booksellers say are the only poetry that sells just now, I wonder, should Mr. Kipling live to be as old as Mr. Massey, whether thirty-five years hence he will be drawing royalties on "The Five Nations"! Meanwhile Mr. Kipling is doing very well for himself, as I hear he is to be paid something like £50 per thousand words for a series of articles in a certain daily newspaper. I incline to think there is usually some ascertainable reason for the decline of popularity in the writing of one so gifted as Mr. Gerald Massey. In his case I would ascribe it to the fact that he gave himself up for a considerable number of years to spiritualism and esoteric religion, always a fatal course to take if one has any desire to retain the affection of the public.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

A literary gossip asserted some time ago that the leading lady novelist of to-day is the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth." One has no wish to be other than gracious to so clever a lady, but might I venture to doubt such a statement? Mrs. Glyn, who, by the way, is of Scottish-Canadian extraction, has undoubtedly two successful books to her credit; but more than that I should not care to say. Personally, I found the much discussed "Elizabeth" surprisingly dull, nor was I enthralled by "The Reflections of Ambrosine," but I am interested to know, on her own authority, that Mrs. Glyn "is fond of everything that appeals to the artistic sense, and is extremely clever in the arrangement of anything decorative, whether clothes, pictures, or furniture."

Photo by *Barnett*

Mrs. Elinor Glyn

"How to——"

There must be in circulation some hundreds of different books which tell us how to do something or other. The latest is entitled "How to Arrange with your Creditors." I am looking forward to the early appearance of some of the following: "How to Break the Bank," by Kenneth Grahame; "How to Shoot the Moon," by H. G. Wells; "How to Keep your Hair on," by George R. Sims; "How to Borrow, with Hints on the Gentle Art of Brontëing," by Clement Shorter; "How to Thrum," by J. M. Barrie.

Jabberwock.

CONCERNING THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL

As you can see at a glance, the Right Honourable Sir Edward Henry Carson, M.P., K.C., does not belong to this century at all, at all—as they say in his native land. That type of face is rarely seen to-day, though a tour of the National Portrait Gallery would lead one to suppose that quite a number of distinguished persons in the eighteenth century looked like that. Had it been left to itself, Sir Edward's face would probably have been his fortune in almost any walk of life; as things are, it is merely an adjunct to a remarkable personality and great talents, which would have established themselves in a high place if their owner had been as hideous to look upon as great lawyers usually are.

Striking as they are, however, Sir Edward's features are very little known to the general public. Hundreds of men of slighter importance and smaller gifts are much more widely recognised when they take their walks abroad. His portrait, in fact, is seldom seen. Apart from the one given here, the only good ones are by Mr. Max Beerbohm, who finds in Sir Edward's chin and mouth a joy that nothing else in the world can give.

The reason of this absence of notoriety in Sir Edward is that he has never troubled about "extras" in the pursuit of his professional ambition. Both as a lawyer and a politician he has kept strictly to business; he has managed to evade the Argus eyes of the Press in a truly remarkable way, considering his position as a member of the Ministry, and the hearts of the readers of illustrated papers have never been gladdened by photographic pictures of "Sir Edward Carson on his favourite cob 'Brian Boru,'" or "Sir Edward Carson playing with his prize poodle 'Union,'" or "Sir Edward Carson planting periwinkles in his garden at Northgate House, Rottingdean," or "Sir Edward Carson and the Sultan of Turkey on the lawn at Hawarden House." He has never been prominent as a racing man, a first-nighter, a collector, a humorist, a shot, a bat, or an oar—points of notoriety which have helped so much to win place and power for many another man of his profession.

He got on by being a hard and keen worker, and by being far from particular about the kind of work. For the rise of our Solicitor-General began across the Irish Channel, and in connection with a memorable period of "resolute government." The hatred to which the Mr. Carson of those days exposed himself—and which came to him in the fullest measure—as prosecuting counsel in the service of Dublin Castle, and as right-hand man to the present Prime Minister in his policy as Chief Secretary, would have daunted many a man. Sir Edward, however, has never been an easy man to daunt. His name was cursed from one end of Ireland to the other; but he did not mind. And in 1892 he became Solicitor-General for Ireland, at the immature age of thirty-eight.

Prosecutions have always been Sir Edward's strong point. It would not be right to say that he revels in them: the legal presumption is that he finds that form of advocacy most agreeable to his sense of duty. The love of rectitude is almost morbidly developed in him. Nobody could doubt this who has ever heard him make one of his famous appeals to a jury to vindicate the outraged majesty of the law.

Many attempts have been made to describe Sir Edward Carson's professional manner. The most picturesque and powerful have been made by persons whom he has been chiefly instrumental in sending to gaol. Unfortunately, they cannot be quoted here. It is not, one may say, a manner that could be described as one of great personal charm. It has been called overbearing, cold-blooded, relentless, and all sorts of unpleasant things. But perhaps the word "deadly," applied by a spectator at the trial of Mr. Benjamin Lake, the eminent solicitor, a few years ago, best and most tersely expresses what is felt by anyone watching the Solicitor-General at work.

All distinguished success in a profession so thoroughly organised for the discouragement of talent as that of the Bar must have an element of the remarkable about it. But Sir Edward's rise to his present high position—which he first occupied in 1900 at the age of forty-six—had some unusually striking features. Joining the Irish Bar in 1877, in twelve years he was an Irish Q.C., and in fifteen Solicitor-General for Ireland. In the same year he became member of Parliament for that impregnable stronghold of Unionism, and preserve of lawyers, Dublin University, for which he, like the raven in Edgar Poe's poem, still is sitting.

Then came the descent of Sir Edward Carson on the English courts. It is not an uncommon thing for an Irish lawyer to transfer himself to the English Bar—Mr. Tim Healy did it only the other day—but the instantaneous success of the Irish Solicitor-General was something quite unprecedented. Within a twelvemonth of being "called" here he was raised to the ranks of Her late Majesty's Counsel—a record which is likely to remain unbeaten—and bore the reputation of being one of the most destructive cross-examiners in the country.

That was in 1894. Six years later, with another remarkable leap, he became Solicitor-General for England, and is at this moment the recipient of an income, in salary and fees for Crown work, which lately moved the frugal soul of Mr. Arnold White to passionate protest against the fact that lawyers have things very much their own way when they do get on in politics.

There are two very endearing things about Sir Edward. One is his Irish brogue, of which a listener in Court might be tempted to say, with Mr. Squeers, "There's richness for you." The other is the refreshing candour he can sometimes display, as in the speech last year in which he expressed an easy contempt for his colleague's, Mr. Wyndham's, attempt to settle the Irish Land question.

Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P.

DRAWN BY] **"The Oigotist"** [G. L. STAMPA

'Ci knows what Oi knows, and Oi sees what Oi sees,
And you can't take a roise out of Oi!"

OUR SHORT STORY

THE STORM

BY HARRIS BURLAND

"Ease her off," yelled Williams. "Ease her off, you fool." The mast of the five-tonner slanted before the wind like a reed. The water poured over the combings. The speaker flung himself outward, and, clinging to the stays, hung perilously over the boiling sea. The man at the tiller never moved. His face was white and strained in the grey light. The water foamed ankle deep in the cockpit. The boat struggled to get round into the wind, but Janthry would have none of it. With his back to the tiller and the whole weight of his body against it, he bore away till the other man's eyes started out of his head with fear.

Hell raged in the sky that January afternoon, and poured down its fury on the sea, till sky and waters were almost blended into one chaos of mist and spray. It was no day for a five-ton boat. But there was work to be done before sunset and the speed of the boat meant much, and that is why Janthry sailed her for all she was worth, and why Williams began to wonder how far he could swim in his oilskins.

To windward lay a flat grey shore bordered with white foam—a dreary expanse of marsh land intersected with tiny creeks and channels, the eastern coast of Essex. Ten miles to the north of the boat a creek ran westward from the sea; five miles up that creek there was a small island, and thereon a single large cottage of tarred wood and mouldy brick. It was the home of Lew Dowsett, fisherman and smack owner, and the destination of the two men who were risking their lives to get there before the setting of the sun. The business in hand was Janthry's, and his friend Williams was merely assisting from a love of adventure, and a chivalrous desire to rescue a beautiful woman from the tyrant to whom she had bound herself body and soul.

Joan Dowsett had been married to her husband for five years, and in that time had changed from a rosy-cheeked and laughing girl to a white-faced and embittered woman. It had been one of those unhappy unions where both parties are endowed with singular force of character, and where the clash of strong wills wrecks all the tenderness of love. Lew Dowsett, a handsome, rugged giant of a man, loved his wife with a passion that bordered on madness, but his fierce temper, his surly disposition, and his unreasonable jealousy had made life unendurable to her.

And then had come the other man, Janthry, young, rich, and pleasant faced, and versed in a thousand arts of love; a man, too, of resolute determination, of powerful physique, and with all those manly attributes that find their way into a woman's heart. He had first seen her when he was out duck shooting. He had sculled over to her cottage for some water, had noted the perfect face and form, had visited her again during her husband's absence, and yet again and again, till he had wrung from her the whole of her pitiful story, and finally won her heart.

Then one day the husband found them together, and Janthry's life had only been saved by the intervention of another man. He went home with a broken arm and an aching heart. He had left Dowsett with a gap in his front teeth that would disfigure him for life, but with full power to wreak his vengeance on a defenceless woman.

And from that hour Joan Dowsett was spared no pain that a fierce and vindictive man could devise for her. Many men would have turned her from the shelter of their roof, but this was too poor a revenge for Lew Dowsett. For six months he kept her a prisoner on the island, and she never crossed the band of water that encircled it. Scorn, insult, and abuse were heaped upon her head. When Dowsett was away in his boat, she was left in the charge of a great strapping woman, who was as strong as an average man.

But all the horrors that had transpired on that lonely island were not known till one day Mary Perkins went off on a spree to Lanchester, and had more to drink than was good for her. Then the story reached Janthry's ears, and he swore on his knees before his God that he would write a new chapter in the book of that woman's life.

He had ascertained the day and time that Lew Dowsett would be away on his boat, had taken his friend Williams into his confidence, had wrapped a revolver in a piece of oilskin, and placed it in his pocket, and had set sail from Southend in a stiff westerly breeze. He had allowed plenty of time, but he had the misfortune to run aground on the Maplin Sands on a falling tide, and lost four hours before he could get off again. Then the gale had sprung up, he had been forced to take in two reefs in the mainsail, and put up the storm jib. But he was now sailing the boat for all she was worth, and

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hoped to be at Blacksea Island before Lew Dowsett anchored in the creek. He remembered with satisfaction that the fisherman would have to beat back home against a westerly gale, while he himself had a fair wind all the way to the mouth of the Raywater.

Williams was no coward, but, as he watched the seething water hiss along the combings, and saw the darkening skies, and heard the shrieking of the wind, he began to wish he had not come out with a man of such resolute purpose. Drenched and blinded with spray, he crawled aft, and dropping into the greater security of the cockpit, took out a flask of whiskey and raised it to his lips. Then he thrust it over to Janthry. The latter nodded, and Williams, placing the spirit to his friend's mouth, jerked a few drops down his throat.

"Can't you ease her off a bit," he growled. "We'll be swamped in a minute. We're loading the boat down with water."

"Take a tin and bale her out," shouted Janthry, "we've no time to lose, and I'll sail the d—d boat till everything is blown out of her." As he spoke the *Trixie* lurched over to a sudden gust. Williams was flung down into the water that swished about in the cockpit, and a great wave poured over on the top of him. He struggled to his feet, white with rage and terror.

"Stop this infernal nonsense," he cried. "A lot of good you'll do the woman, if you send us to the bottom."

"Don't be a fool," Janthry replied, "the boat's as steady as a rock. Start baling and don't talk. I won't let any more water in." Williams took an old can and commenced his work. When he had finished, he took another nip of whiskey.

"Now you might hold the mainsheet a bit," said the inexorable Janthry, "it will keep you warm. I've got quite enough to do to manage the tiller."

Williams, cursing and grumbling, took the rope from his friend's hands, but the sudden strain jerked it from his cold fingers. The boom swung out, the boat righted herself and slowed down.

"Curse you," cried Janthry, "haul it in. We're losing all our way." The miserable Williams, who had enjoyed a few moments of comparative security, hauled in the rope with all his strength, and the boat heeled over again.

"That's better," said Janthry. "Now just keep an eye on the shore—Whoa, my beauty!" The bow of the boat had lifted on the crest of a wave, dipped, and plunged deep into another wave that followed close behind. A wall of white and green water towered and split then rushed towards the men in a river of surging foam. For a moment they were up to their breasts in it, then the shuddering boat rose like a trout at a fly, and shook the water from her in streams and cataracts. Williams gasped and gurgled for breath, but he still held the mainsheet. Both men were up to their thighs in water.

"That was a bad 'un," said Janthry. "Here, give me the sheet and start baling. Thank heaven I spent a lot of money on those water-tight doors to the cabin." Williams did not move. He seemed paralysed with terror, and his teeth chattered.

"It's all right, old chap," said Janthry. "I'm sailing her a bit easy now, and we'll get under the lee of the shore. It will help us a little, though it's as flat as a pancake." He stretched out one muscular hand and tore the rope from Williams's grasp. The latter fumbled in his pocket, took a stiff drink from the flask, and set to work to bale out the water. He was beginning to see the unpleasant side of chivalry, and he wondered how Sir Lancelot would have fared under similar circumstances.

Janthry gradually worked the boat in till they were less than a quarter of a mile from the shore. He dared go no closer. If he ran the boat aground, it would mean the loss of several minutes, even on a rising tide, with the possibility of being swamped and smashed up on the sands. He glanced at Williams, still baling like a machine. Then he looked at the sky, and saw the jagged drift of grey clouds driven across it like smoke from a furnace. Then he looked over his shoulder, and saw the darkness gathering deeper in the west. It was a fitting day for the deed he contemplated, and the storm of wind and waters did not rage more furiously than the tempest that had moved his soul to break the laws of God and man.

But, as he leant his back against the tiller, he thought of nothing but the wind and the waters and the sand banks, and the little craft whose safety depended on his strength and seamanship. Joan Dowsett and her husband were specks on the horizon. In the foreground raged the gale, and all his energies were alert to meet it.

The *Trixie* plunged through the water as though she revelled in the storm. She was a sturdy little craft, and held her own where many a boat with fancy lines would have foundered. Williams, who had finished his baling, staggered, shivering and trembling, to his companion's side, and took the main sheet once more into his hands. His face was pale and haggard, but he set his teeth and resolved not to show the white feather again if he could help it. His eyes were glued on the shore, which was now half hidden in driving torrents of rain. Then suddenly he swung outwards and peered into the curtain of spray.

"The creek," he yelled, "the creek, Janthry!" and he pointed with one hand to where the land sank away to the west. Janthry bore away from the shore, and took the boat once more into the surging and foaming waters. Williams looked at him piteously.

"The sand bank," Janthry said curtly; "it runs out for half a mile. We must round it. We've a swimming tide behind us."

In ten minutes' time the *Trixie*, half full of water, emerged from the open seas into the calmer waters of the creek, and Williams silently thanked his God that he was alive to work his hardest on the jib-sheets.

They tacked from bank to bank against the gale, and, with the tide behind them, they moved quickly up the narrowing creek. Williams's hands were red and sore with the continual handling of the wet ropes, and he sweated profusely. His heart, however, was glad, and he whistled. But Janthry's face grew more stern and haggard as they emerged from the heavy seas; the strain was relaxed, and he had time to think of the work that lay before him. He scanned the creek for some sign of Dowsett's boat. Nothing was visible but low, brown marsh land and banks of mud, and the grey channel vanishing into the west.

"Then with an arm round Joan Dowsett's waist, and with the waters close to his head, he saw a great giant of a man hold out a lantern across the foaming seas . . . . and he could see the fiendish look on Dowsett's face"

Then at last a black patch loomed out of the driving rain, and gradually defined itself as a house. When the boat was abreast of it, Janthry brought her head into the wind, and told Williams to let go the anchor. The chain went rattling down into the water, and the sails flapped and cracked with a noise like rifle shots.

"Thank God," said Williams cheerily, "I never thought we'd do it."

"We've a lot to do yet." Janthry replied. "We've splashed in, but we've got to splash out again, and we've got to do the work we came for. We'll leave the mainsail up. We may want to leave in a hurry. We must look sharp."

Williams pulled in the painter of the dinghy and they rowed ashore. The tide was not yet up to the banks, and they had to wade for several yards through black mud up to their knees. They hauled the dinghy up a yard or two, fastened the painter to an old stake, climbed and descended a bank, and made their way across a flat, swampy piece of ground to Dowsett's house.

When they reached it, Janthry struck the door heavily with his fist, and waited for an answer to his summons, but none came. Then he struck and beat at the woodwork till the noise reverberated through the whole house. Again they waited, and the wind roared round the building, and the rain beat down upon them in torrents.

Then suddenly a window opened above them, and a great scowling face looked out.

"What want you, my masters?" cried a strident voice.

"Fresh water," replied Janthry, "just to make a cup of tea, if you'd be so kind."

"You shall have it," replied the voice, and a moment later the contents of a jug poured down upon their heads. Janthry laughed. Then moving back a pace or two, he flung his great bulk against the door and tore the lock out of the woodwork. The woman above yelled, and came crashing down the stairs to meet them, with a poker in her hand. Janthry avoided a blow, which, if it had struck him, would have ended his career once and for all. Then he grappled with the termagant, flung her to the ground, and told Williams to bind her hand and foot with his belt and handkerchief. She screamed horribly.

"Shout away," said Janthry, "I don't suppose anyone will hear you. I expect you've heard many a scream in this house that has never reached another's ears."

They proceeded to search the house room by room, breaking open every door that was closed to them, till they found Joan Dowsett. Janthry picked her up and carried her into the hall. Williams retired discreetly.

"I have come to take you away," said Janthry hurriedly. "My boat is in the creek. You can trust me; you know how I love you."

"Yes," murmured Joan, and a red flush came to her white cheek. "I know how you love me, dear. I will come." She twined her arms about his neck and kissed him passionately. He held her close to him a moment, and showered kisses on her face. Then he realised that this was no time for dalliance, and he told her to get a few things together and come with him at once.

"Very few, dearest," he said, as she flew up the stairs. "To-morrow or the day after I will buy you whatever you desire."

In a minute's time she rushed down the stairs, clad in a sou'-wester, an oilskin coat, and a pair of fisherman's boots. She carried nothing in her hand.

"I'm ready," she said; "I'll take nothing from this house but the clothes I have on me. Let's go."

They passed out of the door, were joined by Williams, and the three made their way down to the dinghy. As they pushed her off, they could still hear the screams of the infuriated woman above the roar and clatter of the storm.

In less than five minutes they were on board, Joan Dowsett was safely stowed away in the dry and comfortable cabin, the anchor was hauled up, and the *Trixie* was running before the wind towards the open sea.

"What's the programme now?" asked Williams.

"We've got to get into the thick of it again," replied Janthry, "run down the coast, and make any port where there's a railway station—Sheerness, Margate, Southend, anywhere. I'll see how things go. I'm ready for anything. I've a thousand pounds in notes in my pocket, and I'd give half of them—— What's that, Williams?" and he pointed seawards.

Williams looked, and saw a large black boat emerge from the haze of rain. She was beating up the creek, and tearing from bank to bank at a terrific speed. She carried jib and foresail, was only reefed down one, and lay so much over to the driving wind that she showed her keel from time to time, and half of her deck must have been under water.

"Lew Dowsett," said Janthry "Curse his black soul. "We'll have twenty minutes' start of him, and then—he fears neither God, man, wind nor water. Ah, the devil! He's recognised the boat."

And, sure as fate, Dowsett had altered his course on the tack, and had borne away from the wind to cross the *Trixie's* bows, perhaps to run her down.

The twenty-ton boat made straight for them, and as she drew near the men could see the look on Dowsett's face. He certainly intended to smash them up. But Janthry was ready for him.

"Haul in the sheet," he yelled, and as Williams pulled furiously at the rope, he put down the helm, and shot clean across the creek The two boats passed within a foot of each other, and the *Trixie's* boom crashed into the smack's side, slid down it, ripping up a white line on the black paint, and jerked back to the full force of the bellying sail.

Dowsett turned round, shook his fist, and yelled out some oaths that cannot be crystallised in print. Janthry laughed, told Williams to slack the sheet, and once more the *Trixie* ran before the gale towards the open sea. Dowsett still beat up towards the house that had been left unto him desolate. And in the dry but stuffy little cabin Joan Dowsett peered through a round disc of glass, and prayed that her husband's boat might be slow to reach its moorings.

In ten minutes' time the *Trixie* was once more in the thick of the sea, and it was then that Joan Dowsett came out of the cabin and crept to Janthry's side.

"I've been out in worse weather than this," she replied in answer to her lover's rebuke. "I can lend a hand, and if the worst comes to the worst, I won't die like a rat in a trap."

They rounded the sand bank, and, as they went south, the boat once more lay over to the full fury of the tempest, plunged into banks of foam, and rose with the water swilling from her decks. It was now getting dark, and Janthry's mind and body were strained to the uttermost limit.

"Put up the lights," yelled Janthry above the storm, "and you, Joan, bale for all you're worth." Soon the lights twinkled through the mist of spray, and then Williams joined the woman, and baled furiously. And behind them, though they could not see it, rushed the *Mary Ann*, sweeping through the seas with more canvas than she could carry, and with a madman at the helm.

The storm increased in fury, and the little craft took in more water than two people could bale out of her. The sea rose upon them, wall after wall of waves, and they stood knee deep in foam. Williams's fear had not vanished, but he had conquered it. Of all the three he was the one who played the noblest part on that awful night.

"She won't stand much more," shouted Janthry. "I'm going to take her in to the shore and anchor on the flats." Scarcely had he spoken when a terrific gust of wind dashed the *Trixie's* mast almost level with the sea. She righted a little. Then the jib sheet broke, and the sail streamed out in ribbons of soaking canvas. The boat came round into the wind, and at the same moment a great wall of water came at them from the west, poured over and obliterated them, broke the painter of the dinghy, and carried it off into the darkness. The cabin doors burst in with the enormous pressure. The *Trixie* was water-logged, and her deck was almost level with the sea. It seemed as though the end of all things was at hand.

Then out of the blackness came the twinkling of lights—green, white, and red—and then a dark boat swathed in foam. Janthry yelled for help, but Joan Dowsett placed her hand to his mouth.

"Let us drown," she shrieked. "Anything but that." But Janthry tore her wrist away and yelled again, and his voice rose above the storm, and Lew Dowsett heard it. He smiled, and put his boat about.

The *Mary Ann* came back out of the rain and spray, and loomed gigantic in the feeble glow of the lights. Janthry heard the hoarse cries of men, and the long rattle of a chain, as the anchor sank fathom after fathom into the sea. Then, with an arm round Joan Dowsett's waist, and with the waters close to his head, he heard the loud flapping of the smack's sails, and saw a great giant of a man cling to the stays and hold out a lantern across the foaming seas. The *Mary Ann* was but a boat's length from them, and he could see the fiendish look on Dowsett's face.

Then suddenly the *Trixie* sank from beneath his feet. With a superhuman effort he flung himself clear of the mainsail, spars, and cordage, cast one glance at Williams's white face borne upwards on the crest of a wave, snatched at a scull and missed it, and then tried to swim and keep Joan afloat. He was a fine swimmer, but he did not stand a dog's chance in his heavy boots and oilskins, and with the additional burden of a woman. The foaming sea poured down upon him and overwhelmed him. As he rose to the surface he saw Lew Dowsett fling himself from the deck of the smack, and then the volume of water crushed them down and down till he thought that their feet would touch the sand below. Then they began to slowly rise once more, choking for the air that would not come to them, and with the whisper of death in their ears. Then Janthry seemed to be slipping away from all tangible things, and lost consciousness.

When he came to his senses the roar of the wind and waves was still about him. In the dim light he saw Joan Dowsett huddled against a basket of sprats, and with one hand clutching an iron cleat. Williams was cowering against the mast. Janthry glanced up at the sails, and saw that the boat was going northwards, that she was reefed down three, and that the water was swirling over her lee bulwarks. He crawled to Joan Dowsett's side and clasped her hand.

Then a man passed them, holding on to whatever came nearest to him, and a few seconds later Lew Dowsett left the tiller and stood before them. In the dim light he loomed up gigantic and terrible.

"I've saved your lives to-night, I have," he said fiercely; "pulled ye both out of the sea, I have. You can keep the bodies I have given you. It'll take more'n me to save your souls; aye, that it will."

"I'd do as much for you, Lew Dowsett," said Janthry, rising to his feet. "God has given us into your hands. But if——"

"Stow your talk, Mr. Janthry. What I want to know is, would you do the same for me?"

"I have said so," replied Janthry.

"Perhaps you'll get your chance," said Dowsett. Then he caught his wife in his arms, kissed her passionately, and made his way back to the tiller; but before he reached it, he suddenly lost his balance, and went headlong into the raging sea.

To do Janthry justice, he would have followed him; but Joan Dowsett threw her arms about him, and held him prisoner. The man at the tiller put the boat about, and for six hours they searched the sea for their captain. But they never saw him again. He had clinched the whole matter in the fingers of his dead hands.

When dawn broke, the *Mary Ann* was at anchor in the Ray Water Creek. The storm had died down. Williams was in the cabin, boiling water for some coffee. Joan Dowsett, whitefaced and cold, rose to meet Janthry, who had toiled all through the night to bring the boat safe to her moorings. He looked at the woman, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Joan," he said. "Your husband saved my life. I let him drown. There is no more to be said. Good-bye."

"There is no more to be said," she replied.

"I will buy the boat," he continued, thrusting ten fifty pound notes into her hands. She nodded, and crumpled them in her hand. She understood.

The man rowed Joan Dowsett ashore in the dinghy, and Janthry watched her disappear across the marsh into her house. Then he looked seawards. The sky was blue, and the east a blaze of yellow light. The storm was over.

JAPAN: THE FAIRYLAND OF THE FAR EAST

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

A Wonderful Wistaria-Bordered Lake at Tokyo

It is impossible, in a photograph, to convey the wonderful effect of the long clusters of wistaria blossoms which are seen hanging in the foreground, in their contrast with the dark evergreens on the bank and the delightful colours of the costumes on the bridge

JAPAN: THE FAIRYLAND OF THE FAR EAST

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

The Lovely Days of Autumn in Japan

This photograph was taken by the Tamadare Waterfall, at Yumato, a wonderful piece of scenery, though perhaps in Japan, as elsewhere, the human element is the most interesting to the visitor

JAPAN: THE FAIRYLAND OF THE FAR EAST

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

The Home of a Merchant Prince in Tokyo

Y. Nanukawa, one of Tokyo's foremost business men, with his wife and daughter in their delightful "dwarf" garden. The girl is feeding the carp inhabiting the pond, which comes right up to the foot of the verandah

JAPAN: THE FAIRYLAND OF THE FAR EAST

Photo by *Underwood and Underwood*

A Sunny Little Japanese Maiden

A photograph taken at Nara, in the Old Park, which, with its splendid avenues of trees, is a favourite resort for Japanese ladies when taking a riksha ride. Any allusion to the little maid's smile would be misplaced, since it speaks so readily for itself

(This series of beautiful pictures of Japan will be continued in subsequent numbers of THE BYSTANDER)

BASEBALL:

America's National Pastime

(Illustrated by Photographs Special to THE BYSTANDER)

This Truculent Looking "Man in the Iron Mask" is Merely the Catcher

Baseball is to the American what cricket is to the sport-loving Englishman.

To the Englishman who has never seen the game, it may be described as a very scientific and abnormally-developed game of rounders. The comparison is made merely to illustrate the general features of the game, for there is as much difference between rounders and baseball as between village cricket played with a pile of coats for wickets and a match at Lord's. The ground is laid out in the shape of a diamond, each of the four corners being called a base. The pitcher stands in the centre of the diamond, the batsman at one corner, called the home base, and the catcher immediately behind him. The pitcher and catcher together are commonly known as the "battery."

Unlike the bowling in cricket, the delivery is a deliberate throw, and it is this feature of the game which constitutes its chief danger. The position of the catcher is so dangerous that he is obliged to wear a pneumatic or thickly-padded protector on his body and a wire mask over his face, while all the players wear thickly-padded clothing. The speed with which the pitcher delivers the ball makes it necessary that the catcher should have some protection for his hands. For this purpose he wears on his left hand a skin mitten, which is padded often to a thickness of two inches.

Before the advent of the steel wire mask, catchers often got badly hurt about the face by balls glancing off the bat, and even when wearing a mask, a catcher often puts a piece of indiarubber between his teeth, to reduce the force of the shock should the ball strike him.

The rest of the field is divided into two parts—the in-field and the out-field. The in-field consists of four men—the first baseman, second baseman, third baseman, and a short stop, whose position is on the line between the second and third bases. The out-field consists of three men, who stand about 100 yards behind the in-field; they are the right fielder, centre fielder, and left fielder.

On the game being called, the pitcher throws the ball, there is a sharp click, the batsman has struck, and away it flies. Dropping his bat, the striker rushes away to reach the first base, and often when he is several yards from his base he throws himself flat in order to avoid being touched by the ball and so put out, and slides along the ground to the base he is aiming at. To make a complete run, he has to touch all the bases and get back to the home base

The Opening of the Baseball Season in New York

This is an event of the very first importance. In our illustration, the New York team and their opponents in the first match of the season are being escorted on to the grounds by a brass band

REMARKABLE POSES IN THE BASEBALL FIELD

A Pitcher Ready to Throw

The way the fingers are grasping the ball should be noticed, as this regulates the curve of the ball in the air

Delivering the Ball

The position of pitcher in a team is the most arduous, as it is the best paid. So trying is it that one often hears of a man who, in American parlance, has "thrown his arm off" and is incapacitated from further play

A Typical Pose for a Pitcher When About to Deliver a Ball

A Man in the Out-field Spread-Eagling to Catch a "Fly"

A Runner Sliding for Base

Oftentimes when a player is several yards from base, he will hurl himself bodily forward and slide along the ground in his efforts to avoid being put out

An Attempt to Steal a Base Frustrated

The player seen has just attempted a run, but the fielders being too smart for him, he has slid back to his former base

A Baseball Game in Progress, on the New York Ground, Washington Heights

A typical New York crowd is seen; and as there is a man on third base (on the right-hand side of the picture), ready to run home, the excitement is intense. The demeanour of the spectators at a Baseball Match, as played in America, is particularly strenuous, and in its wild partisanship resembles that of an English football crowd in the North of England

At the Home Base: A Strike

If a player fails to make a hit after three good balls have been pitched to him, he is out. The catcher is here seen at work. A code of signals is arranged between the pitcher and catcher to regulate the balls sent down. This usually consists of putting one, two, or three fingers on the glove, very much in the same way as shown in the photograph, each sign having reference to the sort of ball the catcher wants pitched. The curved flight and tremendous speed with which the ball is pitched present no terrors to the striker as far as personal injury is concerned. Indeed, there are occasions when he might welcome a smack from the ball, as, however slight it be, he can claim the position of first base

without being put out. One of the most exciting moments is when a player succeeds in stealing a base. This is usually done when the pitcher is about to deliver the ball to the next batsman, but he has to be a very fast runner indeed who captures bases in this way, since the fielding is usually so smart that under ordinary circumstances a man would be put out before he had run half way between the bases.

The fielder shown in one of our illustrations is in the act of jumping to catch a "fly." The way that ball players catch a ball which looks as if it were absolutely out of their reach is marvellous, but through constant practice they become so expert at judging distance and time that they know exactly where to go and how high to jump to get it. A fielder knows, moreover, that however difficult a catch may be, if it is coming into his territory he has to get it, or his failure will receive due acknowledgment from the spectators, and a baseball "crush" are not backward in making sarcastic remarks on mistakes in the field. Such mistakes, technically known as "errors," are duly chalked up against the responsible party.

During a match, every player goes in to bat about half a dozen times, and in the nine innings, which seldom last more than an hour and a half, each player has five or six chances of making runs himself and of assisting others to get runs for his team.

M. D.

A Crowd of Spectators Leaving the Ground After a Big Game

Although played in the height of summer, and it is very much hotter in New York than in London, a baseball game never fails to attract many thousands of spectators

"BOOKS THAT HAVE INFLUENCED ME"

BY A. PAWT-BOILEAU

[Mr. T. P. O'Connor is engaged at present in writing a series of articles entitled "Books that have Influenced Me." We have fortunately retained the services of a personage still more famous in the realms of literature—A. Pawt-Boileau.—Ed.]

I am honoured by the request of an indulgent editor to touch for a moment upon a subject which, though often treated by writers of even greater distinction than myself, seems to possess an invincible interest, as each one who turns to it introduces a new point of view. I shall certainly endeavour to approach it from a new quarter, and I trust that I may not be accused of any pretentious sentiment when I observe that it is a subject which moves me profoundly. With truth can I assert that I owe to some books a debt I can never repay, and, in this short article, I can only hope to show how deep is my indebtedness.

I have noticed that, with scarcely an exception, all distinguished men who have told us of the books which influenced them have begun by remarking that the Bible or "Robinson Crusoe" was the first fond object of their affection. But, since I am resolved to be at least honest in my confessions, I must admit that neither of these great works so early crept into a snug corner of my heart as that peerless piece of literature entitled "Whitaker's Almanack." Whoever Mr. Whitaker may have been—and I fear he has not been sufficiently honoured in literary history—I retain for him a profound reverence.

At the outset of my brilliant career as an author it was with a sensation of delight, still vivid in my memory, that I discovered Mr. Whitaker had lived before me. What did it matter that my education had been contemptible, as meagre, indeed, as that of Shakespeare or of Robert Burns, when, by turning to the well-packed pages of this red and green volume, all that an average human being needed to know lay ready to command? Did an editor ask me for an authoritative sketch of life in far Peru, it was but the turning of a chair and the reaching of an arm to my collection of favourite authors, and in a trice good old Whitaker told me all there was to tell. It was as though I took one tablespoonful of Whitaker, mixed it with a tumbler of Pawt-Boileau, and lo! a sparkling beverage stood ready for the thirsty reader.

"The books I can reach without rising" was a phrase of Mr. Crockett's and it has the fine ring of a music-hall ditty. These are, indeed, the books that have influenced me, and when I have mentioned Whitaker I have, by implication, mentioned his red-backed rival, "Hazell's Annual"—no rival on my shelf but a close friend, for among the favourite books of us who enlighten an ignorant public, Whitaker and Hazell, like freedom and whisky, "gang thegither." Oft in the stilly watches of the night have I made rare discoveries in their pages which, dressed up in the glowing words of a practised pen, have next day carried new knowledge of old things into the dark recesses of my readers' minds. Once a gentleman undertook to teach French by giving to his pupil to-morrow what he himself learned to-day. Similarly, it is difficult to estimate how much the public owe to me for clothing the naked facts of these worthy compilers with the flowing garb of journalese. For with all my attachment to Whitaker, Hazell, and the rest, I am conscious that they lack literary style.

It has always seemed to me a curious thing that misguided persons should go to the trouble and expense of acquiring at Oxford, or elsewhere, some knowledge of the classics. Why, indeed, when among the books I can reach without rising is my old friend "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary," within whose seven hundred pages is boiled down more classical knowledge than ever lay in the brain of an Oxford don? Is it to Venus or Calypso, to Neptune or to Nestor, that I wish to refer?—the erudite Lempriere stands ready with his classic lore to shed the wisdom (and the folly) of the ancients over this modern Pawt-Boileau. That I have "small Latin and less Greek" is neither here nor there, when at arm's length my favourite dictionary affords me such plums as *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, and *fortuna favet fortibus* wherewith to stuff my pudding. Did not the editor of the *Daily Wire* say to Rob Angus when he was a candidate for the post of leader-writer:

"Question Three: '*Pabulum*,' '*Cela va sans dire*,' '*Par excellence*,' '*Ne plus ultra*,' what are these? Are there any more of them?"

To which Rob replied: "They are scholarship, and there are two more, namely, '*tour de force*' and '*terra firma*'."

The poets, too; why worry about the reading of our standard poetry, when Mr. John Bartlett, and others who stand in honourable company with him on my shelves, have laboriously been through it all and given us just those passages one delights to quote? Only the other day I mentioned that "in the words of Fielding, 'All nature wears one universal grin,'" and, between you and me, I got that out of handy old Bartlett

Then, as for history, let me but lay my hand upon my fat old friend, "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates," and I can look the whole world in the face as confidently as a Carlyle or a Freeman, while with Chambers's "Book of Days" (to say nothing of my pen and ink) have I not circulated much curious information of bygone days? and to Dr. Brewer I am indebted for a mass of information which came as fresh to me as it must have done to those to whom I passed it on.

These are but a few of my well-thumbed friends whose influence on my life has been vital and far-reaching. These, indeed, are the books which have brought me acquaintance with that best-loved book of all, which, curiously enough, we prefer to receive in single scribbled leaves, rather than in its bound and pristine pages, that book which brings my noble and romantic brethren of the pen into touch with the great world of affairs—the Cheque Book!

Fishing for Jack

THE WORLD OF ART

AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY

There is a new and rather pleasing departure here this summer. Some ninety artists have joined together under a committee of four (three of the latter being artists), collected some two hundred works, hired this agreeable gallery, and bid the world criticise their cunning, and, if they will, buy their wares. Many of the pictures are worthy of this courageous action. Mr. Lee Hankey's water colours are a perpetual pleasure, Mr. Walter Fowler's several landscapes have the true spirit of the romance of nature, and the beauty of everyday life that marks the great artist. His method is invariably charming in foreground and middle distance, but as regards the ultimate distance he appears sometimes to be a little incomplete. Mr. J. Fulleylove sends a "Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives," full of the charm he has long accustomed us to. Mr. Caley Robinson shows the familiar "Winter Evening," an admirable expression of his particular way of seeing life. In a second picture, with the old haunting title of "Fata Morgana," he shows again his skill but fails to prove his sincerity. The place of honour in the first room is devoted to the portrait of the King, presented by Lord Beauchamp to the National Art Gallery, Sydney, Australia. Prodigious in size, fully robed, with every detail correctly drawn and coloured, His Majesty would present a splendid figure but that the painting is utterly without atmosphere, devoid

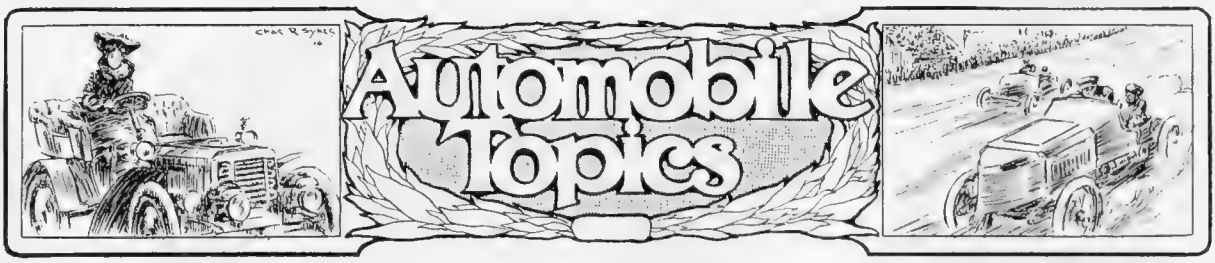
"Now the youngest Princess was more beautiful than her sisters"

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.I., NOW IN THE GRAFTON GALLERY

of feeling, vulgar, crude, and depressing to all hopeful in regard to English art. It is a relief to turn to Mr. Goldsborough Anderson's exhibit close by—"A Portrait," fine in its quiet colouring, and distinguished in its sense of character. This, and the excellent portraits of "His Honour Judge Shand" and "The late Marquess of Salisbury," are Mr. Anderson's best work, but a more popular picture by him will be found in "The Honourable Mrs. Forester and her son Cecil," which we reproduce. His subject picture, in which a mother is shown by the side of her dying child, above whose pillow the mystic form of an angel is seen, will be popular, too, with the sentimental and "literary." Mr. Young Hunter is seen to great advantage in several well hung pictures, such as the large work, "Judith Shakespeare," and the small and admirably treated "Jack and Jill," and the even more delightful and modern—in treatment—"Children's Hour." A broadly catholic spirit is shown in the selection of work, which gives no little interest to the show. If you don't happen to care for the newest new thing in portraiture, such as the arresting representation of "John Oliver Hobbes, Mrs. Craigie," by Mr. Rupert C. W. Bunny, you may like the pretty sentiment of Mr. Horace Van Ruith's "Beware." The former is an extremely bold study in white against grey, with brown in quiet relief. Mrs. Craigie is seated, drawing off a glove; her hat, a most becoming one, has a good deal of white, her dress is white, and her cloak is ermine and sable. Her personality is suggested in the workmanship—she is hinted at, alluded to, and the rest is for the looker-on, who will not be slow to discover the skill of the painter. As might be expected, Royal Academicians are not very extensively represented here, but the "Miss Florence Shee" shows Mr. James Sant at his best, and that is very agreeable and convincing. Dudley Hardy has a delightfully strong and decorative cartoon of "Toilers" at work in the massed fishing-boats of some foreign shore. It is rather a great sketch than a great picture, but full of power, life, and beauty. Mr. Holst paints the sea, too, in several admirable ways and moods, and Mr. Colin Hunter gives us the "Sands of Bettyhill." Mr. Charles Pears has some amusing and skilful drawings, and Mr. Harry Quilter is unintentionally amusing. His sketch model for a fountain, "The Daughters of Danaus," however, is of excellent design and proportion; the sketches of the figures in wax are, of course, too grotesque, and rob the whole of a good part of its interest. One could point to many other pictures well worth seeing, such as Mary Young Hunter's "Beggar Woman" and the work of Mr. Adolph Birkenruth; but perhaps we have already shown that this new departure is worthy of a visit. The walls are not crowded with pictures, and, as we have said, the widest differences in taste are considered with a kindly eye. E. M.

The Honourable Mrs. Forester and Her Son Cecil

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. GOLDSBOROUGH ANDERSON, NOW IN THE GRAFTON GALLERY



Reducing the Dust

Down our way, the local automobile club has been trying to placate the worthy burgesses who dwell along the London road, by besprinkling the dusty approach to our ancient borough with the preparation known as Westrumite, for about a quarter of a mile, at the cost of £2 10s. As a result, the dust, to use that grand old motor-catalogue phrase, is "reduced to a minimum." One sees large cars approaching the town in a horrible cloud, and on arriving on the prepared road surface, proceed as if travelling over solid asphalte. This has to be seen in order to be duly appreciated, and as the roads never require to be watered when the Westrumite has once been applied, it is economical to use. If municipalities, like our own enlightened one, on the direct line of traffic out of London, would but make use of this excellent invention, a great peace would ensue. If road authorities will merely so arrange their dust as above described, motorists *cannot* stir it up, even if they want to, and we should not hear so much "langwidge" about it. Let road surveyors see to it.

Thoughts on the Race

The eliminating trials in the Isle of Man for the so-called motor race (which is in no sense a race, but merely the pitting of two pieces of mechanism, the car and the clock, against one another) having taken place, what is the net result, and what do the public seem to think of it all? If the opinion of almost every independent journal of any weight is to be considered, one can merely remark that the tearing about of

Photo by *Abbott and Baker*

The Hastings Motor 'Bus Service: A 20-h.p. Daimler, Carrying 18 Passengers Outside and 14 Inside

Hastings has a very efficient motor 'bus service, and the question has recently been aired once again in the Press as to why the Metropolis is so far behind in this respect

The "Peerless" Car, the First American Racer to be Entered for the Gordon Bennett Cup

The occupant of the car is the designer, Mr. L. P. Mooers, who has tried the car in Cleveland with satisfactory results
According to rumour, the Americans have now decided to withdraw from the contest

enormously high-powered vehicles on the tortuous country roads of the island, concluding with a bad accident, which might very easily, in other hands, have ended in the injury of many innocent people, seems to have stirred up only feelings of profound disgust that public roads can, under *any* conceivable circumstances, be made the theatre for such a display of crass stupidity. It is not sport, it is merely advertising. It suits the Manx people, as for a few days it brings into their midst a few rich enthusiasts who appear to delight in all this clap-trap, and who doubtless lay golden eggs, but it is difficult to see who else is benefited. If motor-cars *must* race, then in Heaven's name let them compete on a special track, from which the public are fenced off by iron railings, or palisades, as thick as one's leg Till then, none of us is safe.

The Attitude of the Public

The ordinary man in the street does not even trouble to bet on the result, as he undoubtedly would, did this soul-stirring competition in any way appeal to his sporting instincts. Horse-racing, cricket and football matches he dotes upon; he will get up early to witness a smart rat-killing competition between two good terriers, or even to see an ordinary badger-draw; but a fair to middling dog-fight up a side street will cause far more genuine emotion in the bosom of both Smith and Jones than any Gordon Bennett race ever engineered by assertive makers of, and dealers in, the self-propelled vehicle. We all know that it *is* possible to build a motor-car to travel at over ninety miles an hour, and all that one has to say in consequence is, "Who cares?" "Showing off" is the correct designation of the attitude adopted by the participants in an event which it is hardly correct to term "sport" at all. Many scribes, who, week by week, emitted columns of flap-doodle eulogistic of freak automobiles and their proud possessors, are now rapidly coming round to the view which has been enunciated in this journal from the publication of its first number, *i.e.*, that motor racing on the public roads is dangerous to life and undesirable from every point of view.

A Protest

Mr. Edge writes to this journal explaining the reasons for his protest against the decision of the club, which put one of the cars in which he is interested *hors de combat* owing to the accident it sustained, and hopes that the voice of the "Great British Public" may be heard, to right what he considers an injustice. The G.B.P., however, as previously explained, does not care a brass farthing about the whole business Such advertisement as is available so far, has been secured by the Wolseley Company, who have come considerably to the front, and if the photographs of Mr. Earp's car are any guide in the matter, it would not only require to be substantially repaired, but also tested in comparison with the others, in order to see if it was as good as ever, and it seems hardly possible that this could be done to the satisfaction of the other competitors. The Wolseley Company have been steadily going on for some years on sound lines, and have given many of us a simple, workaday article, with a horizontal, common-sense engine, at a moderate price, and they certainly deserve to have their turn of good fortune if they consider the fame worth the cost of winning two places out of three in the British team.

A Good Pluck'd 'Un

One is bound to admit, however, that the conduct of Mr. Clifford Earp was most praiseworthy and thoroughly sportsmanlike, as apparently, when he saw that trouble was imminent through some derangement of his brakes, he preferred to "stand the racket" himself rather than run any risk of damaging any of the sightseers, who were behind the barrier. Everyone knows that the Napier cars are among the very finest in the world, and it seems to be a pity that all this pother is created to advertise them. Mr. Edge, even though he "be on his own," will doubtless make a gallant fight enough, and as the Gordon Bennett race has got to be run—this year, at any rate—all we can say is, let the best "man and car" combination win.

C. J. Matson.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Walton Heath Golf Club

The birth of a fine and healthy new course is always an important event in the Golf family, and the christening ceremony is awaited with great interest by all its members. Such an event and such a ceremony have just taken place, the name of the grand new infant being the Walton Heath Golf Club. The formal presentation of the child by its proud parents to all its uncles, aunts, and cousins, was duly made, with all the requisite solemnities and rejoicings, on May 14. I may say at once that the family pronounced the newcomer a most vigorous and promising child, and all present prognosticated a great and brilliant career for it.

Mr. Cosmo Bonsor and Mr. W. Herbert Fowler

Some two or three years ago Mr. Bonsor, who owns the estate on which the new course is situated, was sounded by his brother-in-law, Mr. W. Herbert Fowler, as to the possibility of laying out a golf course on that fine stretch of heath land known as Walton Heath. Mr. Bonsor, like a wise man, lent a ready ear to Mr. Fowler's suggestion and gave him a free hand in the matter. Mr. Fowler hardly needs an introduction to my readers, being equally well known in cricket and golf circles. But, besides his talents as a player, Mr. Fowler possesses a sound knowledge of a great many things which go to make up the game of golf, and of which often many players are ignorant. He has studied with loving interest the science of growing good turf, and he has a thorough knowledge of all that is requisite in keeping the fair green of a course in good condition. Mr. Fowler was confronted with a task which might have made even a stouter heart than his quail. To map out a course on a heath which was one vast tangle of gorse bushes seemed almost an impossibility. In ordinary cases, where one has clear ground to deal with, one can drive balls in different directions, and so gradually get an idea of how best to construct the holes. At Walton Heath no such means were possible. Mr. Fowler rode over the ground, constantly studying all its peculiarities, and at length settled upon one hole—that which is now the sixth hole—and, working backwards and forwards from that fixed point, he managed at last to get the links into shape.

Features of The Course

Four courses were sown in October 1902, fifteen greens in March 1903, and all other courses and greens last September. To have got the course into such excellent order that Vardon, Braid, and Taylor were able, on May 14, to play a match on it and have nothing to complain of in the shape of bad lies throughout, speaks volumes for the unremitting labour, care, and knowledge which have been expended on the links. The fair green of the course is fifty yards wide, and another ten yards on each side have been cleared of bushes. At present, straightness of driving is an absolute necessity, as a ball sliced or pulled out of the course is not likely to be recovered. But the members can be trusted, in the ordinary course of play, with the aid of niblicks and strong language, to make the path to the different holes much wider than it is at present. Mr. Fowler has laid out the course in such a way that a straight ball will never be punished. At Walton Heath there are no vast carries. Length is

Opening of the New Links at Walton Heath: Taylor Putting at the First Hole

Braid just stepping forward, Vardon standing further back, watching the stroke

Opening of the New Links at Walton Heath: Vard n Putting at the Fifth Hole

Taylor is standing near (back view). Braid is watching, further off. The bunker referred to in the article is seen in the right foreground

naturally rewarded as it is everywhere, but, provided the direction be kept, it will never, as often happens at other links, be punished. There are plenty of excellently designed bunkers to right and left, and every green is most adequately guarded. But there are practically no carries from the tee. The golfer who comes to Walton Heath must bear in mind that he has to drive, not over anything, but to a particular point. The total length of the course is 6,000 yards, so that it ranks, in this respect, with the longest courses in existence. The holes are of excellent lengths, and the two halves of the course are well balanced. I should be inclined to select, as the pick of the holes, the sixth, a most admirable short hole, reminding one of the famous island hole at Ashdown Forest, and the seventeenth, a magnificent long hole, designed rather in the shape of a right arm with the elbow bent, those who do not drive to the point of the elbow but go straight for the hole finding themselves faced with a horribly difficult shot to reach the hole across the intervening bushes. Taylor found this out to his cost, both morning and afternoon, while Vardon, each time having kept to the right, was able to play straight for the hole with his second, a lovely cleek shot taking him to the green in both rounds.

A Criticism

If I may venture on any criticism, it would be in respect of the bunker close to the green, on the right, at the fifth hole, where Taylor was caught in the morning off a perfectly straight shot for the hole. I saw the same fate befall Mr. Hutchinson in the afternoon, and I came to the conclusion that the bunker comes too far out. As the green slopes down from this bunker all the way, it is almost necesssary to drive a little out to the right, and I should venture to suggest a slight alteration in this particular bunker. The only other question which occurs to my mind is, whether Mr. Fowler will not, in the course of time, see the advisability of scattering some pot bunkers about to catch a mis-hit or topped ball. While I am delighted to see Mr. Fowler's careful avoidance of cross-trench bunkers, still there is a weakness inherent in the golfer's heart for carrying over something from the tee. It varies the feeling of monotony apt to be engendered by constantly driving up a fair course with only hazards on either side. A few judicious pot bunkers at certain distances from the tee would meet this objection, and may perhaps be added, as experience and continued play will suggest, in due time. Walton Heath lies very high, and the air is magnificent, while a run under an hour from Charing Cross takes one to Tadworth station, a mile and a half from the club house. In another two years the links will be in perfect condition, and the course will be quite fit in every respect for a Championship competition. The professionals have been invited to take part in a competition at Walton Heath on the last days of the Championship week, and it will be interesting to see what they make of it in the way of scores. In conclusion, I gladly avail myself of this opportunity heartily to congratulate Mr. Fowler on having added such a fine new course to the rapidly growing constellation of first-class courses round London.

Ernest Lehmann

NOTES FROM THE POLO GROUND

An Inauspicious Beginning

The opening of the polo season has been anything but favourable, for during the first fortnight there have been four blank days, including one Saturday, owing to the wet grounds. The Social Clubs' Tournament at Hurlingham suffered greatly in consequence, for the opening games therein had to be twice postponed owing to the rain having made play out of the question, with the unfortunate result that half the teams entered were obliged to scratch. But, apart from the weather, there is every indication of a most interesting season. One famous player who will, however, be very much missed from polo this year is Mr. George Miller; his place in the Rugby team is to be filled by Lord Shrewsbury, who has been their spare man for three years. Colonel W. G. Renton, by the way, who used to be in the Rugby team, is playing again this season, after three years' absence from the game. The well-known Old Marlburians' team has been broken up this year, for not only have they lost their captain, Mr. George Miller, but Mr. E. B. Sheppard is also not playing this year, and the only other old Marlborough boy available, besides Mr. Charles Miller and Captain L. C. D. Jenner, is Mr. A. Tyrwhitt-Drake. The Old Marlburians have now won all three Public Schools' Cup tournaments played. The date of this tournament has been advanced, the first ties now being down for decision on June 13. Major John Vaughan, of the 7th Hussars, who was reading at the Staff College, will also be a notable absentee from English polo this year, for he has just been gazetted to the 10th Hussars, who are in India.

Ranelagh Handicap Tournament

The first tournament of the season should have been, as usual, the Hurlingham Trial Handicap Tournament, but for various causes it failed to fill. The Handicap Tournament at Ranelagh, a week later, attracted enough players to furnish nine teams, among them being ten officers of the Household Cavalry. Both the semi-finals were very close, for victory in each was only achieved by a single point, and in one of them extra time had to be played. Each of the teams who worked their way into the final had one of the brothers de Las Casas at back, the result of the game being that Mr. J. C. de Las Casas's team (Messrs. R. J. L. Ogilby, J. W. Hornsby, and H. C. S. Ashton) beat Mr. A. de Las Casas's team, which included Mr. A. Jonsson, Mr. Guy Gilbey, and Lord Harrington, by six goals to three.

Social Clubs' Tournament

As already stated, the rain spoilt the Social Clubs' Tournament at Hurlingham, for the Boodle's, Cavalry, and Wellington Club teams all scratched, prior to play. A start was eventually made on the 14th ult., when the Orleans Club, represented by the three old Cantabs—Mr. Walter McCreery, Mr. Freake, and Mr. Buckmaster, together with Mr. J. Bellville, did as they pleased with the New Club representatives, winning in hollow fashion by no fewer than thirteen goals to love. The latter side was made up of Mr. Frank Balfour—who has not played in England since 1898—Mr. Willes, and Mr. Scott-Robson, all from Argentine, and Mr. E. H. Pease. In

Magpies v. Ranelagh, at Ranelagh: A Neck-and-Neck Race

The Ranelagh men (the winners by six goals to four) were: Capt. L. C. Jenner, Mr. A. Rawlinson, Mr. F. A. Gill and Mr. H. Scott-Robson (back); the Magpies: Mr. R. Grenfell, Capt. G. Heseltine, Capt. the Hon. G. Morris, and Capt. H. R. Lee

Essex Union v. Pytchley: F. Bellville makes a Good Run

In the annual Hunt Challenge Cup Tournament, Essex Union defeated Pytchley Hunt by seven goals to three. Teams: Essex Union—L. Carr, R. Carr, Capt. Godfrey Heseltine and R. Courage (back). Pytchley—M. Nickalls, Count Jean de Madre, F. Bellville and Capt. C. C. de-Crispigny (back)

the final, which was played in fine but very windy weather, White's club, the holders, had only Mr. P. W. Nickalls, of last year's team, playing for them, the three others being Captain Godfrey Heseltine, Captain Herbert Wilson (who by his fine play fully justified his inclusion in the new Recent Form List), and Colonel Renton. The Orleans Club had their fair share of the play for nearly half an hour, but none of the team was at his best, and it soon became evident that White's were going to win, the final score being eight goals to three in their favour. White's and Orleans also fought out the final last year, when, after Mr. Buckmaster's accident early in the game, White's Club (Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. G. A. Miller Mr. P. W. Nickalls, and Mr. C. D. Miller) won by five goals to two. Of recent years this tournament has been singularly unfortunate in the matter of weather, for the final in 1902 was played in a perfect deluge of rain, while last season the tournament was considerably delayed by the wet grounds.

Play at Roehampton

There have already been several fine matches at Roehampton. That between Handley Cross (Mr. H. Schwind, Mr. H. Rich, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster, and Captain Neil Haig), and a Roehampton team consisting of Captain H. Wilson, Lord Shrewsbury, Captain E. D Miller, and Mr. Scott-Robson, was a particularly fast, good game; it ended in Handley Cross winning by six goals to three. Mr. Schwind is a promising recruit to London polo from the Argentine. Then again, the match between the Old Cantabs and Rugby —their first this season—was an exceptionally brilliant game to watch. The Old Cantabs had their full team (Mr. Walter McCreery, Mr. Freake, Mr. Buckmaster and Captain Heseltine), and Rugby were represented by Captain Herbert Wilson, Mr. Walter Jones, Captain E. D. Miller, and Mr. C. D. Miller. It was, of course, a battle of the giants, and from start to finish of a galloping game the interest never flagged for a moment. Suffice it to say that Mr. Buckmaster was at his best; and that the other three Old Cantabs were also at the top of their form. Rugby got two goals in the third ten, both the result of runs by Captain Miller (on old Luna), who worked tremendously hard all through to avert defeat, but in vain, for the Old Cantabs finally rode off winners by seven goals to two.

Ranelagh Army Cup

The new Army Cup Tournament at Ranelagh should be an interesting addition to the club's polo programme, judging by the conditions which have now been framed. It is to be open to any combination, regimental or otherwise, of (1) Officers who have served in His Majesty's Regular Army, or who hold honorary rank in the Army owing to war service; (2) Officers on the active list who are on leave from abroad, or serving in the home district, or employed extra-regimentally. The tournament is being played this week (May 30 to June 4). The cup has been presented by Colonel Frowd Walker, commandant of the Malay States Guides. As the club has so many polo-playing members, the Ranelagh polo committee have decided that, after the present season, no player who is not a member of Ranelagh will be allowed to take part in any matches on the club grounds, except in the three Ranelagh open tournaments, viz., the Hunt Challenge Cup, the Hunt Tournament, and the Open Cup.

L. V. L. S.

Without Apology

Suggested title for a Parliamentary Measure for lessening the circular nuisance—The New Distribution (Hand) Bill (1.)

The most important volume announced for the summer season is certainly the new edition, with "illustrations," of Josephus's History of the Dues. The Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour will contribute an appreciation.

"The Three D's."

["'The Anti-D. League' is the latest enterprise on the part of American society, with the object of eliminating the topics of 'dress, domestics, and disease' from general conversation. Thus it is hoped that men will no longer find feminine 'tittle-tattle' distasteful."—*Daily Paper.*]

The Americans—our cousins o'er the seas—
Have a league (they call themselves the "Anti-D's.")
'Tis their grim determination to expunge from conversation
Dress, Domestics, and Disease!

They will talk of almost anything you please,
From the chances of the plucky Japanese
To the latest nigger knockabout, but simply will *not* talk about
Dress, Domestics, and Disease!!

The majority of faddists that one sees
Wear conspicuously in their bonnets—bees.
But this league we recommend to those who'd put an end to
DRESS,
DOMESTICS,
and
DISEASE!!!

We have received the following handbill, curiously reminiscent of an advertisement now being extensively circulated by a contemporary:

THE CRIMES' GREAT NEW UNDERTAKING

The *Daily Sale* states that *THE CRIMES* is invulnerable and cannot be "bought."

But is this true?

NO.

THE CRIMES can be bought by any man with threepence in his pocket. But there are many people who have not that nimble threepenny.

To them this advertisement comes as a MESSAGE of HOPE. Superficial thinkers may be of opinion that among newspaper readers the greatest gulf lies between the respective purchasers of threepenny and halfpenny journals. This, however, is not the case.

The greatest gulf lies between the buyers of papers priced at threepence and the buyers of papers priced at twopence farthing. A man who can afford to pay ½d. can afford 2½d., but a man who can afford 2½d. can NOT afford 3d.

Why is this? We cannot say, and yet the fact remains that 2½d. is less than 2½d., and many a purchaser of a halfpenny paper purchases at the same time a

"TWOPENNY HALFPENNY" PAPER.

Begin to buy *THE CRIMES* to-day!

Why to-day, you ask?

Because you will have to buy it sooner or later, whether you want it or no. You did not want *THE CRIMES'* Encyclopædia, but YOU HAD TO BUY IT to stop us advertising. So don't delay writing to us.

THE MAN WHO ONCE BUYS *THE CRIMES* NEVER AGAIN READS ANOTHER PAPER

N.B.—Provided the coupon issued with every copy of the Journal is filled in, the funeral expenses are defrayed by *THE CRIMES'* Proprietors.

Send for our booklet explaining why *THE CRIMES* is the best paper published. The brochure is not made up merely of dry statements of fact, but is as

FASCINATING AS A WORK OF FICTION

The fact of *THE CRIMES* being the leading Protectionist Journal, enables it to employ an army of small loafers to distribute the paper every morning. Although our scheme has only recently been before the public, we have received letters of congratulation on our tardy recognition of the fact that *THE CRIMES* is not

WORTH THREEPENCE

from Tibet, Heligoland, Tasmania, and even from such inaccessible spots as the towns served by the S. E. Railway.

Read the following letters. Mr. Balfour even might be convinced by them.

A Tibetan Officer writes: "I'll tell Ma when I get home, *The Crimes* won't leave its price alone."

A Russian Administrator writes: "Please supply, at our expense, copies of your journal to each soldier in the Japanese army. If only we could once catch the enemy asleep, the victories that we are now beginning to gain would be consummated by a triumph more glorious than any in the annals of war."

Mr. J. L. Wanklyn writes: "Am delighted, as it is possible that among the thousands of new subscribers there may be found someone willing to read my letters."

An advertisement in the *Literary World*:

THE IMPERIALIST

By SARA JEANNETTE DUNCAN,

Author of "Those Delightful Americans," &c.

'Superior both in quality and purpose she has done before.'

—*Gentle*

Is there not something unsatisfactory abou quotation from the *Gentlewoman*?

PARISIANA:

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

THE PARIS BIRD-MARKET

By JOHN F. MACDONALD

(Our Special Correspondent)

Three pale blue dresses, then a heliotrope gown, next a white waistcoat: here comes the famille Gargonne, and the day, necessarily, is Sunday. No need to calculate, saying, "Let me see, yesterday was——." No need to scan the almanac: consult my correspondence: glance at the morning paper. It must be Sunday. It is Sunday, Sunday, Sunday. For, only on the day of rest, do the three demoiselles Gargonne, their dear mother, and their excellent father issue forth, all strikingly attired, from the doorway opposite, and disappear with much self-consciousness down the street. From my window I watch the plain Mdlles. Gargonne, their pompous parents. Petite famille bourgeoise, out for a walk. The famille Gargonne, in its very best. At the crossing the famille Gargonne meets and looks the famille Blondel up and down, while the famille Blondel laughs outright at the famille Gargonne. What staring and smiling and sniffing on a Sunday! To what spiteful scrutiny are our gay gowns and bright hats subjected! On all sides, fierce little criticisms, bitter little jealousies: here, there, and everywhere, the bourgeoisie uncomfortable, and so ill-tempered, in its best. Of course, no boulevardiers; for the boulevardier will tell you with veritable emotion that it is bad for him to go abroad on Sundays. He must not see the petite famille bourgeoise: else, the profoundest melancholia. At the sight of the Blondels and Gargonnes, the boulevardier starts back pale and horrified. He could cry, with depression. He could utter little moans, as though in pain. And so, if go abroad he must, he hails a cab and drives about with the blinds pulled down. The cafés and theatres full; the streets full, adjacent country and riverside resorts also full; "Nowhere to go and nothing to do," almost sobs the boulevardier. "Paris in the possession of the Gargonnes and Blondels. Mon Cher, I assure you I hide myself on Sundays." Frail, sensitive boulevardier, who hides himself on the day of the rest! Come forth, however, O boulevardier. Come forth and venture out into the air—for, in spite of your sad assertions, you may rejoice in at least one pleasant, attractive corner. Here, between Notre Dame and the Palais de Justice, a square; and on the square, every Sunday afternoon, the most animated, the most amazing of all the Paris markets.

Neither flowers nor foods, nor yet old miscellanies. But birds, and other creatures.

Chiefly, other creatures. In days gone by, Parisians came here in quest of the most melodious songsters—but a Government, anxious to protect them, forbade sale of the singing-birds of France. Emotion in market; and also anger. Ruin before the market-people; and so, a general meeting. And then, for want of national songsters, the market-people imported foreign songsters, and loudly called attention to the superior merits of the Japanese nightingale, the thrush of Mozambique, the linnet of Madagascar, and a number of vague colourless birds safely described as "The Songsters of Africa." Mostly frauds, these foreigners. Scarcely a true singer among them. Chiefly, twittering. And so Parisians refused to buy the disappointing, deceptive aliens; and again, before the market-people, ruin. Someone must have cried, "An end to conservatism! Let the market be thrown open to cocks and hens, to ducks, to pigeons, to

A dishevelled young man in a top hat moves away unsteadily, with a self-conscious grin

rabbits, to guinea pigs." And the motion must have been carried: for, on the square this afternoon, cocks and hens, ducks and pigeons, rabbits and guinea pigs, and hosts of other creatures.

Men, women, and children; and a veritable din. No sooner do I reach the square than I am impressed by a tremendous cock who, perched high upon a pile of wooden boxes, haughtily surveys the scene. He is quite eight feet in the air. He looks down upon everyone. He presides over the market, and his vanity is unspeakable. Strutting to and fro on his box, he crows and crows. By snapping his eyes at the people, he signifies his contempt, his disdain. Heavens, his annoyance, his insolence! However, he has a string to his leg. Also, he is for sale. And so I should like to humiliate him by crying, "Ridiculous, common creature, anyone who cares to produce the francs may haul you down and bear you away by the legs or wings. You are for sale, for sale. You are no better than a slave. What greater indignity than to have a string tied to one's leg, and to be placed on high, for the close vulgar inspection of the multitude!" . . . Lesser cocks, also crowing; and the quacking of ducks, and the yelping of puppies, and the mewing of cats. Yes, there are cats, and there are puppies. In the lap of a monstrous woman, three soft, adorable puppies; and at her feet a poodle, which begs. But the ducks are the noisiest of all: for they are held out by their wings, and laid on their backs, and slapped and pinched by the market people, who loudly cry, "Faîtes votre choix, mesdames et m'ssieurs; faîtes votre choix." Rabbits have also to undergo the indignity of being pinched, and slapped, and held up by their ears. Alas, poor rabbits, housewives prod you with fingers; and alas, poor pigeons, you, too, are mauled about in the same offensive fashion. Nor are the hens treated more respectfully. Cages of hens; and on the top of the cages, great white eggs, which, according to the market-people, these admirable hens laid this very morning. "Always laying eggs," declares a market-woman. "They do nothing else from morn to night. And such eggs! Nothing like them in the whole of Paris." So do the housewives gaze at the amazing hens with curiosity and admiration, and have them brought out of their cages; and again do the housewives indulge in pinching, weighing, and other prudent, unseemly demonstrations. Here and there, husbands and wives strolling about with their purchases tucked under their arm or packed away in a string bag; and occasionally they compare their ducks and pigeons, and speculate as to whose hen will lay the most astonishing number of eggs. But the most garrulous of them all is a stout, red-faced man, who has just invested in a tremendous goose. "Never shall I cook it," he relates to a group o gaping idlers. "Do you know what I have bought it for? Listen, then. *This goose is going to take the place of my dog, who died yesterday.*" Murmurs from the idlers. Cries of "Farceur," and also one cry of "Liar." And then, flourishing his goose by the legs, the stout man explains that geese make admirable watch-dogs. They are timid; the least sound in the stillness of the night throws them into emotion. So, as the stout man lives in the country, he has decided to buy a goose, and leave it each night in the garden. Should burglars climb the wall, the goose will not fail to hear them. And then will the goose career round and round the garden, and scream with all its might, and awaken the stout man and his neighbours, and probably scare away the burglars. Into a wickerwork bag goes the goose, and no sooner has the lid been closed than it screams and screams. And then a smile breaks over the face of the stout man, and triumphantly he inquires, "Voilà, what did I tell you? That's how he will scream when burglars come into my garden."

On all sides, market-people with cages of canaries. "Hear them sing," shouts one of them. We wait, we listen—but no singing, not even twittering. "Hear them sing," shout others. But never any singing: the silentest of canaries! However, a cage (containing two canaries) for a dishevelled young man in a top hat, who moves away unsteadily, with a self-conscious grin. Then, a crowd before a litter of guinea-pigs—strange, shapeless little creatures. And the guinea-pigs are shy, the guinea-pigs are coy; embarrassed by so much attention, the bashful guinea-pigs try to hide in the layers of green stuff and straw. But no shyness, no coyness about a huge coal black raven, with a tremendous beak and flashing eyes, who struts about importantly in his cage. Says a housewife, "They love to peck out your eyes." Says his proprietor, "You should see him go for rats." Flashing angry glances at his audience, the raven struts faster and faster to and fro. "He wants a rat," explains the proprietor. And, from his cage, the raven can see a whole cage of rats—tame rats—and also a cage of mice—white mice—which, declares his proprietor, naturally excites his appetite. . . "The Japanese nightingale," cries a huge, red-nosed fellow. The price is twelve francs, and the man vows that the Japanese nightingales are the most melodious and indefatigable songsters in the world. Jokes, of course, about Japan; but never a note from the nightingale. So, to explain its silence, the man assumes that it has received sad tidings from the seat of war, which, naturally, would render it pensive and depressed. Nothing from the thrush of Mozambique, the linnet of Madagascar, the "Songsters of Africa." But, infinite braying from a donkey; and terrified quacking from a duck who has broken away and is being pursued with many oaths by its master. Silent, too, three baby monkeys, who gaze through the wirework of the cages with a mournful, tragic expression on their wizened faces. "Only a few months old," shouts their owner. But very wizened.

Will he never hoot? Here, an owl, with one eye open; and lots of us waiting to hear him hoot. A sinister eye, that never blinks, not even when straws are poked through the cage. We address the owl; we "make faces" at the owl—but no hooting. Still, a workman (who has been rejoicing) does the hooting, and tells us that the owl will presently reply. Again we wait, again we listen—but never a reply. And this angers the workman. And this provokes the workman to abuse the bird. And this also excites the workman to shake his fist at the "sacré hibou," who, however, only closes his uncanny eye.

Scores of husbands and wives with purchases,

There are puppies in the lap of a monstrous woman, three soft, adorable puppies; and at her feet a poodle which begs!

and all of them strolling to and fro, or standing before the cafés, gossiping. Passing from group to group, a wizened little man, who would tempt us with slices of bright yellow cake. Never such a yellow, and never such a cake! But children surround the wizened old fellow, who tells them that his cake was made in heaven. Housewives going home, and ducks and hens and pigeons also going home.

"Voyez, voyez, voyez," bellows a burly fellow, pointing upwards with his finger.

Perched high upon his pile of wooden boxes, the tremendous cock still surveys the scene. And he snaps his eyes, and he crows and crows, and he shakes and tosses his head with unspeakable vanity.

"Voyez, voyez, voyez," repeats the burly one, still pointing at the cock with a grimy finger.

Heavens, the arrogance, the insolence of the cock! He has a string to his leg, and he is there for sale, and yet it is plain that he considers himself the "boss" of the entire market.

RACING: THE WHITSUNTIDE PLATE AT HURST PARK

The Finish of the Race for the Whitsuntide Plate

Mr. F. Alexander's "Bitters," the Winner

Racing and the Holiday Combine to Attract an Enormous Crowd

THE DERBY: TRAINING THE CANDIDATES

A Derby Candidate indulging in a Sand Bath on the Sussex Downs

Although the Derby is for three-year-olds, horses have to be entered about two years before the event. Colts intended for the classic race are broken in when about one year old. At first the possible future Derby winner is only led when exercised, but by very gradual degrees he begins to know the feel of a bit in his mouth and a weight on his back

A Trainer's "String" at the Foot of Warren Hill, Newmarket

After a colt has become accustomed to the bit and carrying a sack on his back, a boy is mounted, and his real training begins when he is led out in one of the trainer's "strings," and encouraged to canter and gallop. When two years old he is entered for one of the summer meetings and gets a taste of the joys of his future career After this, he is ready to be trained for the great event of the racing year

THE DERBY: WELL-KNOWN LANDMARKS AT EPSOM

In Epsom Town: The Spread Eagle Hotel

The Durdans: Lord Rosebery's well-known Residence at Epsom

DERBY DAY: ON THE ROAD AND ON THE COURSE

A Long Pull up to the Course

A Typical Scene on the Course

Miss Coote, the Runner-up, and Miss Dillon, the Champion

CROQUET:

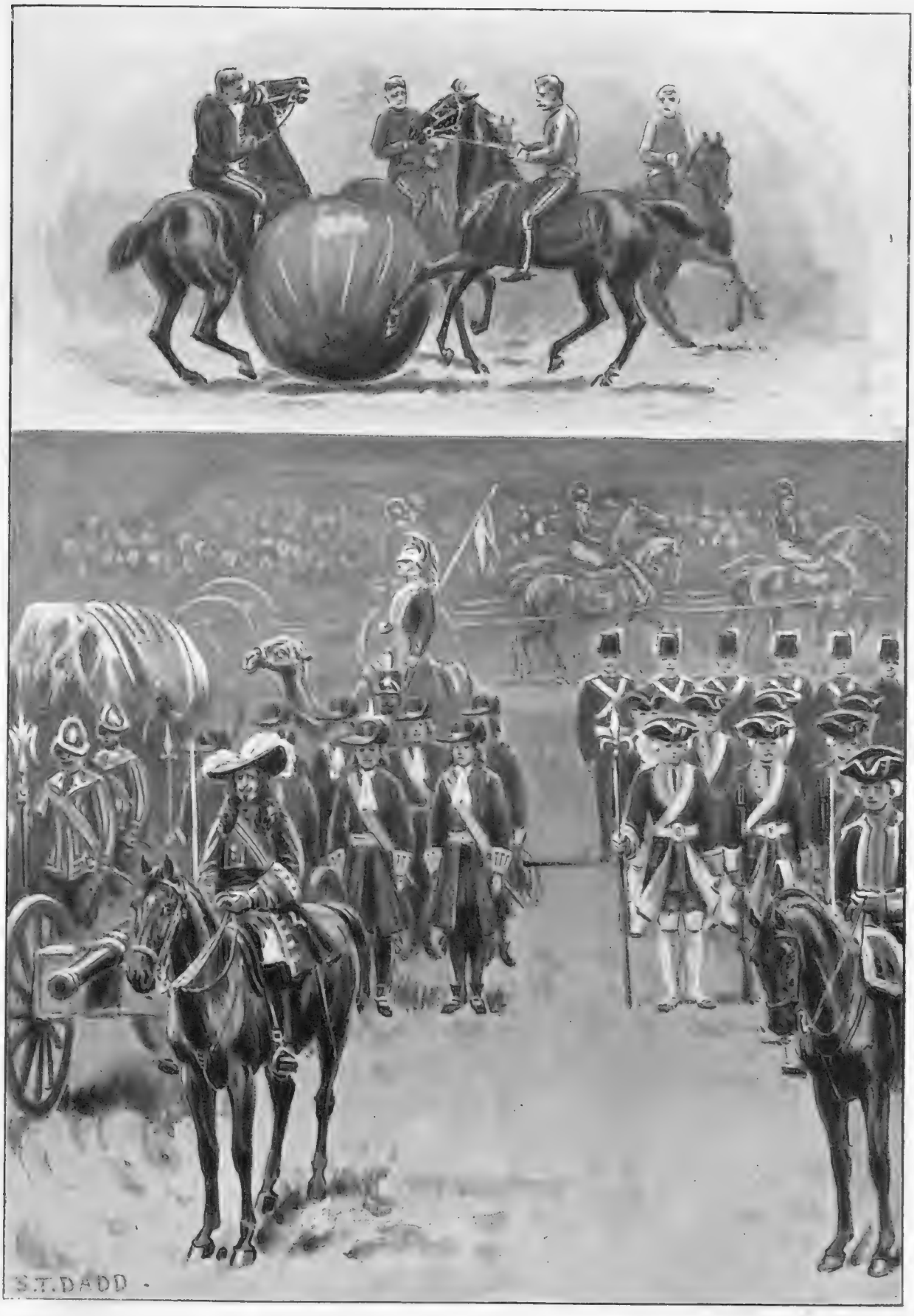
THE LADIES' IRISH CHAMPIONSHIP

The Fifth Annual Croquet Tournament for the Irish Championships was held at the grounds of the Fitzwilliam Club, Wilton Place, Dublin, and with splendid weather, good entries for the events, and a large attendance on the several days, was in every way a success. Eighteen entries had been received for the Ladies' Championship, Mrs. Preston, the Irish lady Champion, and Miss Coote, the English Lady Champion, being among the number. The play on the third day in the match between these two ladies was eagerly looked forward to, and was in no way disappointing. Although Miss Coote won both games, the play in each case was wonderfully close, and these two games were among the most closely contested in the tournament. In the final round Miss Coote had to give way to the superior play of Miss Dillon, who, after a severe tussle in the semi-final with Miss May Langrishe, defeated the English Lady Champion, and at the same time secured the title of Irish Lady Champion.

Photos by *D'Arcy*

Miss Dillon, the Champion, Playing in the Final Round

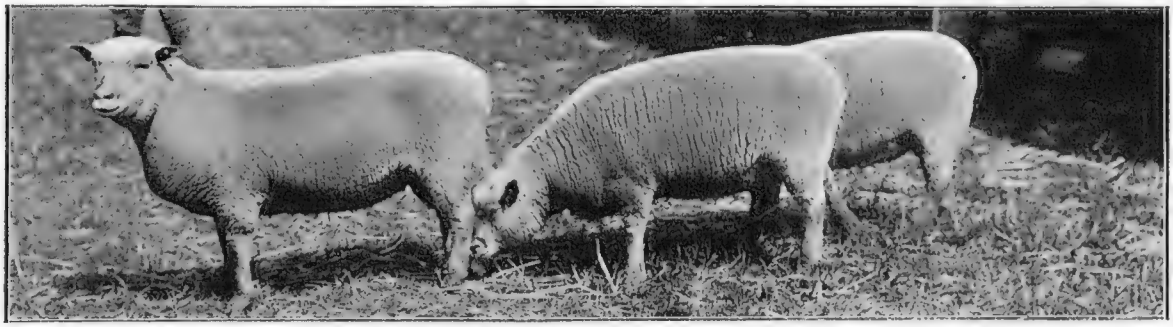
In the Ladies' Championship Singles Miss N. Dillon beat Miss Coote. Score: plus 21, minus 15, plus 4



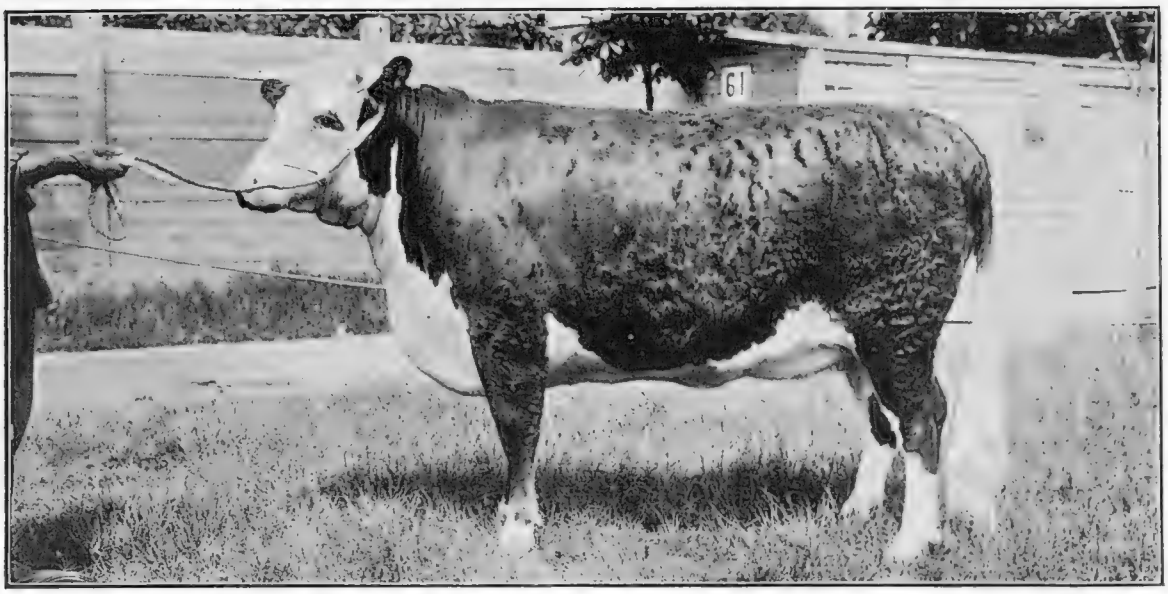
I. Pushball on Horseback. II. A Glimpse of the Grand Pageant, "The Rise of the Royal Artillery"

THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

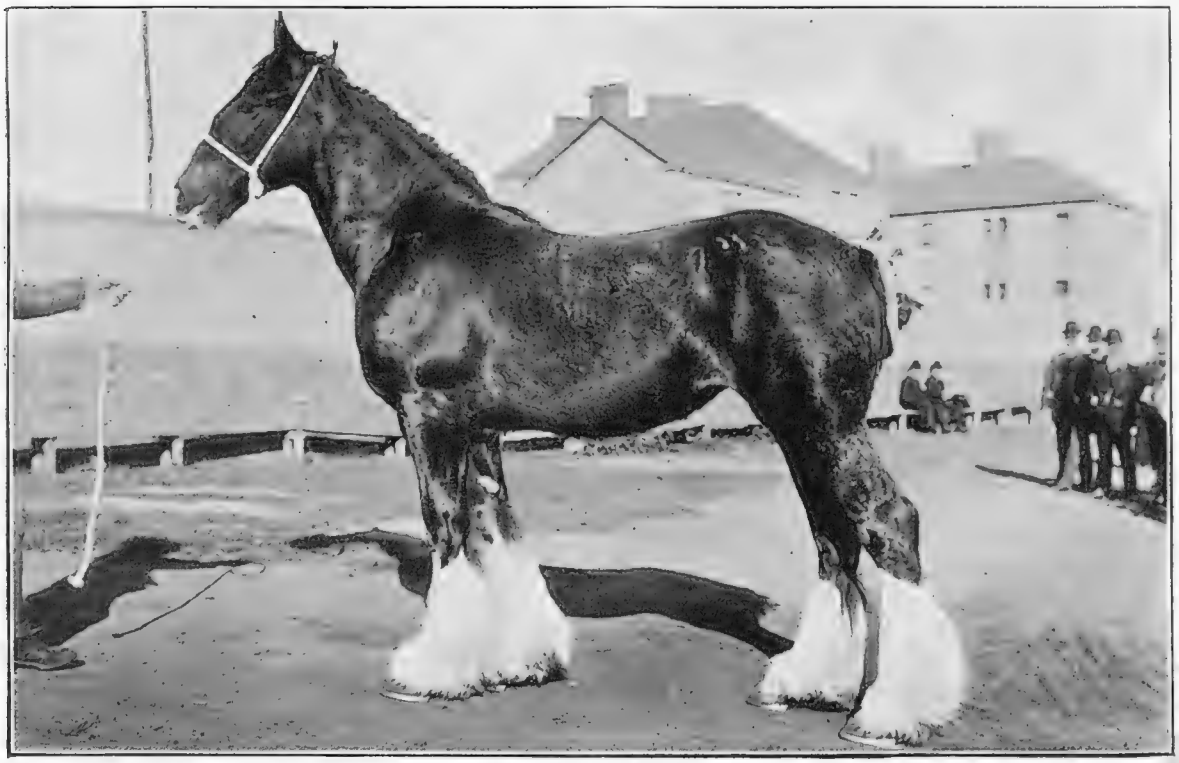
THE KING AS A FARMER: HIS MAJESTY'S PRIZEWINNERS



The King's Southdown Ewes: First Prize and Medal



The King's Hereford Heifer, "Empress": First Prize



The King's Shire Yearling Filly, "Dunmore Nightingale": First Prize and Medal

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Bridge : By "Problematicus"

SOLUTION AND PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR FIFTH FORTNIGHTLY BRIDGE COMPETITION

It may be as well to remind our readers that there is yet time to compete in our Sixth Fortnightly Competition. The hand, and the rules of the competition, appeared in last week's issue. Solutions must reach the office not later than the first post on Friday, June 3. Our announcement that for the future we shall give further prizes, consisting of a box containing two packs of the exceedingly pretty BYSTANDER playing-cards, instead of Honourable Mention, to competitors whose solutions come near in excellence the solutions of the winners of the chief prizes, seems to have met with the instant appreciation of our readers in a very gratifying fashion.

SOLUTION OF THE FIFTH COMPETITION

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♡ 10	♡ 5	♡ 3	♡ 4
2	♡ K	♡ 6	♣ 6	♣ 3
3	♡ Q	♡ 7	♠ 2	♠ 5
4	♡ A	♡ J	♣ 7	♠ 6
5	♡ 9	♣ 10	♣ 9	♠ 8
6	♡ 8	♣ J	♠ 3	♠ 9
7	♡ 2	♣ Q	♠ 4	♦ 3
8	♠ J	♠ Q	♠ 7	♦ 5
9	♣ 2	♣ K	♦ 4	♣ 4
10	♣ 8	♣ A	♦ 2	♣ 5
11	♦ 10	♦ K	♦ 7	♦ 6
12	♠ 10	♦ A	♦ 9	♦ 8
13	♠ A	♠ K	♦ Q	♦ J

Trick 1. B's redouble informs Y that B holds four hearts to the knave. If then he leads out his king, queen, ace of hearts, he certainly loses the game. If he leads the king and then one of his intermediate sequence, A will certainly have been able to place all the hearts and will put B's knave on it. Y therefore must lead a false card in the hope of A's holding up B's knave. His choice lies between the 10 and the 9. The 8 is so palpably a false card that A should put the knave on it without a moment's hesitation. If Y has been used to the old-fashioned lead of fourth best from such a suit, he will lead the 9, if he plays THE BYSTANDER and Blenheim lead of the head of an intermediate sequence he will lead the 10.

This lead puts A in a quandary; in actual play the personal element would come in; and he should reckon it in his play. If he were playing against a clever, forward player, he would reckon that he had doubled on seven hearts to ace, king, and the ace of spades. He would reckon the 10 led as head of an intermediate sequence, and expect Z to win the trick with his single queen of hearts, and lead back a spade. Consequently, he would hold up the knave of hearts. But if he were playing against a very cautious player who only doubled on a practical certainty, he would put his knave on the 10 and make two by tricks.

IN OUR FIFTH *Fortnightly* COMPETITION

The First Prize of **£3 3 0** has been awarded to:

W. B. ORMOND, Esq., The Union Club, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Second Prize of **£2 2 0** has been awarded to:

R. J. THOMAS, Esq., The Chantrey, Aylesbury.

The Third Prize of **£1 1 0** has been awarded to:

G. M. SIMOND, Esq., 47, Norland Square, London, W.

Prizes of Two Packs of THE BYSTANDER Playing Cards in Box have been awarded to:

Mrs. Revington, Central Asylum, Dundrum, co. Dublin.

Miss M. E. Jenkins, Westville, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

Miss E. M. Fenwick, 37, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth, Northumberland.

Inspector-General H. Hadlow, R.N., Winton, Southsea.

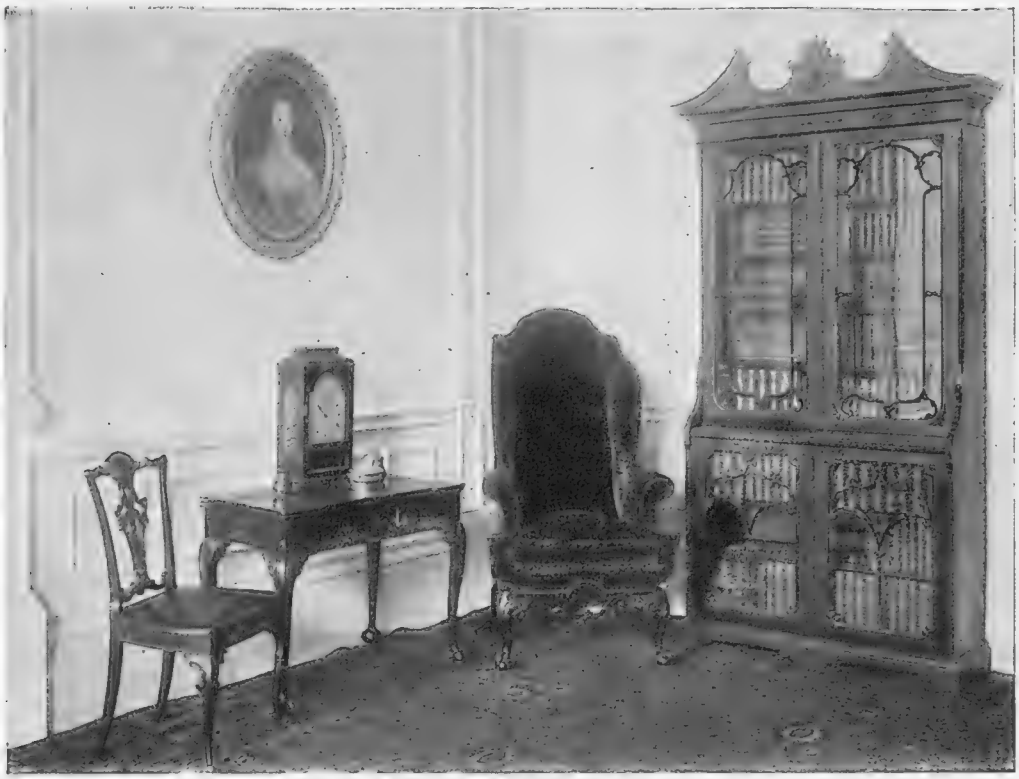
Major G. E. Bryant, R.A., The Castle, Tynemouth, Northumberland.

W. Frank Colclough, Esq., Bainton House, Sherborne, Dorset.

K. C. Field, Esq., 97, Blenheim Crescent, Nolly Hill, W.

The Competition, of which the solution and prize-winners are given above, was the fifth in our series of Fortnightly One-Hand Competitions, and appeared in our issue for May 11. Next week will be given the hand for our Seventh Fortnightly Competition for similar Cash and Consolation Prizes.

Cards from THE BYSTANDER Bridge Box.



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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Suggestions for Ascot

Only another short week and a few days, and Ascot, the climax of the season, will be upon us. In view of this important event we have been adding grist to our chronicling mill in the shape of some visits to privileged *ateliers*, and are finding, at the same time, much quiet inward gratification at the advanced state of the modes generally.

The girl who deliberately misses this amiable opportunity for exploiting the white muslin frock, bedizened with quillings of Tom Thumb Valenciennes edging, and picture hat *en suite*, deserves no pity. For it is a fashion in no sort strained, except in the matter of money, and even that is only obvious to the experienced, the other sex, doubtless, in an ignorance that does them infinite credit, and which, if we are wise, we shall not disturb, resting well satisfied with the apparent simplicity of the thing.

From a great French house there comes a clever scheme of geranium pink, charmingly exemplified in mousseline de soie, melting into pink lace, which, in its turn, resolves into white Valenciennes, the corsage enhanced by delightfully *imprévu* appliqués of Pompadour brocade.

Quite one of the most successful black creations we have ever seen, emanates from the Maison Redfern. It is of crêpe de Chine, in a quality of surpassing excellence, the skirt exquisitely gauged and tucked, and the simple, rather *negligée* little corsage completed by great white lace sleeves formed of "superposed" frills, a little touch of the same lace at the throat, with a soupçon of plumbago blue rounding off an amazingly successful *tout ensemble*.

Although there has never been an hour in modistic annals when it was more dangerous to particularise than the present, yet Ambrosine and I are prepared to dare the asseveration that of all the prevailing fancies there is none prettier nor more universally successful than this frilled sleeve effect, an incident amenable to a variety of accompanying corsages. Sometimes attached to nothing more important than a blouse, of lawn and lace, a pelerine achieves the requisite appearance. Or, again, perhaps, it is a bolero, with quaint wide sleeves, terminating at the elbow; while anon it will be some more fanciful and settled construction, after the style of the tasteful corsage included in

An original design for Ascot

In green and white checked taffetas mousseline, with sleeves of lace

The Original Scheme

shown in our illustration, of an Ascot toilette. The material is taffetas mousseline, in the tiniest pale green and white checks, trimmed with a velvet of a deeper shade, and worn with a blouse of coarse and fine lace, very slightly tinted. The chapeau is of *paille d'Italie*, plumed above and beneath the brim with ostrich feathers shading from brown to pale green, and our artist has caught, with peculiar cleverness, a popular attitude affected by the *élégante* of the day, this backward clasp of the hands serving at once to attract the eye to the now always important *arrière* aspect, and also permitting a better and more satisfactory display of the gold châtelaine bag, and various

The Bystander, June 1, 1904

THE

BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED

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CORFE CASTLE.—To be LET, Unfurnished, a commodious RESIDENCE, containing: 4 reception, 20 bedrooms, stabling for 8 with rooms over, 13 acres of grounds. Rent, £400, including shooting over 5,000 acres. Would be let Furnished. (12,140)

HANTS (near Winchester).—To be SOLD or LET, Furnished, this charming Family RESIDENCE, with south aspect, overlooking magnificent country. 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling for 5, well timbered garden and grounds, in all 20 acres. Golf. Fishing in the Itchen close by. (10,722)

WEYMOUTH. (10 minutes of a Station.)—To be SOLD or LET, a well built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, stabling for 2, grounds of ¾ of an acre. E.L. Co.'s water, main drainage £3,100. Photo. (12,198)

EASTBOURNE. Magnificent Land & Sea views. —To be SOLD, the Freehold of well-built RESIDENCE: sitting hall, billiard, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms; motor house. E.L. Grounds 1½ acres.—Inspected. Photos. (12,194)

LEIGHTON BUZZARD.—To be SOLD, this well built HUNTING BOX, billiard, 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, ample stabling, matured grounds, in all 30 acres, with additional 50 acres if required. (12 211)

FARNBOROUGH.—To be SOLD, a pretty, creeper-clad RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, stabling for 3. 1½ acres, hunting, golf. £3,850. Would let Furnished. (12,247)

HITCHIN.—For SALE, lovely old-fashioned HOUSE, drive through beautiful old grounds of 4 acres. 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, bath (h. & c.), stabling for 6. £3,000. Would let Furnished. (12,206)

DORKING (near).—In a village. For SALE pretty COTTAGE: 2 reception & 7 bedrooms, stabling. £2,300. Would let. (12,235)

12 MILES NORTH OF LONDON—For SALE, pleasantly situate Family RESIDENCE: billiard, 4 reception, 11 bedrooms; stabling for 6, farmery, good outbuildings, grounds 6½ acres. 6,000 guineas. (12,238)

GROSVENOR SQUARE.—To be SOLD, with immediate possession, magnificent MANSION: particularly adapted for entertaining. 7 reception, over 20 bed & dressing rooms, stabling for 6. Lease, 39 years. (39,067)

PORTLAND PLACE.—For SALE, the 34 years' lease of a very fine MANSION, in best part of favourite thoroughfare: 13 bed, 3 bath, & 7 reception rooms. Stabling. Price, £16,000. (40,119)

SUSSEX SQUARE, Hyde Park.—For SALE, the long lease of one of the best HOUSES in this favourite situation: 10 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms. (40,114)

RENT FREE UNTIL MICHAELMAS.

HYDE PARK.—To LET on lease an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE: 5 reception, 9 bed & dressing rooms. bath. Rent, £180. Nominal premium to include fixtures. Strongly recommended. (40,066)

MAYFAIR. — £4,000 will purchase the 35 years' lease of a charming bijou RESIDENCE: 8 bed & dressing rooms, bath, dining, double-drawing room, good square hall. (40,115)

HYDE PARK.—Capital RESIDENCE, within few minutes of Park. 8 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms. Rent, £147. No premium. (40,027)

PORTMAN SQUARE.—£7,000 an exceptionally attractive RESIDENCE within a few steps of the Square: 11 bed & dressing, bath, 4 reception rooms, stabling. (40,091)

GLOUCESTER SQUARE (Hyde Park). For SALE, well-arranged RESIDENCE. 9 bed, 2 bath, 4 reception rooms. Lease 31 years. Price £7,500. (40,081)

SLOANE STREET (close to).—For SALE, the long Cadogan Lease of a particularly light and well arranged red brick RESIDENCE: 9 bed, bath, & 5 reception rooms. Ground Rent, £20. Price, £3,700. (40,108)

WEST CENTRAL.—£1,300, or close offer, will purchase a commodious well built RESIDENCE: 10 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms. Lease 25 years. Ground Rent, £36 per annum. (38,008)

REGENT'S PARK. — To be SOLD, a very choice RESIDENCE, containing: 8 bed, 2 bath, and 5 excellent reception rooms. Stabling; newly decorated and redrained, lease, 21 years. Price, £2,500. (40,092)

SOUTH KENSINGTON.—To LET, very attractive RESIDENCE, within few minutes of Hyde Park: 7 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms, E. L., etc. Rent, £220, moderate premium. (40,095)

CROUCH END.—To LET on lease, a desirable detached FAMILY RESIDENCE, convenient situation: 9 bed & dressing, bath, 3 reception rooms. Stabling for 3, garden front and rear. Rent, £200. (40,094)

SEYMOUR STREET. — To LET, well planned, newly decorated, RESIDENCE: 7 bed, bath, 5 reception rooms, every convenience. Rent, £230, small premium. (40,067)

CHELSEA.—To LET, very attractive red brick HOUSE, with charming views front and rear: 8 bed and dressing, 2 bath, and 4 reception rooms, every convenience. Rent, £225, moderate premium. (37,213)

OXFORD SQUARE, Hyde Park — £4,000 will be accepted for the Lease, one of the best of these well built Houses: 8 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms, low ground rent. (40,028)

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WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA. — The above unique and well designed bijou RESIDENCE to be SOLD Freehold, every convenience. The fittings being of exceptional quality and design; vestibule hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bath, etc.; pretty garden. (11,911)

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NORFOLK (near Diss).—To be LET, Furnished, a charming old-fashioned red-brick RESIDENCE; billiard 4 reception, 19 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 8. Shooting over 1,800 acres. Rent moderate. (12,274)

BERKS (Old Windsor).—For SALE a desirable RESIDENCE: 5 reception, 13 bedrooms. Excellent stabling. Grounds of 5 acres. Price 9,000 gs., or Furnished. (12,196)

THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR FROM THE CITY.—To be SOLD, this comfortable RESIDENCE, in beautiful grounds of 85 acres, carriage drive. billiard, 4 reception, 17 bed & dressing rooms; stabling for 4; golf. £20,000. (11,975)

WOKING.—For SALE, charming RESIDENCE, in well-matured grounds of 3½ acres: billiard, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, E. L. Stabling for 3. £7,000. Photo. (12,119)

ARUNDEL.—To be LET Furnished, a comfortable Family RESIDENCE, near station, sea, & river: 5 reception, about 20 bedrooms, stabling for 6, beautiful park & grounds. Rent 25 gs. p. w., including garden produce. (11,632)

WILTS (Chippenham).—To be SOLD or LET, a well built RESIDENCE, on an eminence commanding charming views: 4 reception, 14 bedrooms; stabling for 11; grounds of 10 acres; golf, hunting. £10,000. (12,151)

FAMOUS SURREY HILLS (overlooking charming valley and undulating country).—To be SOLD or LET, an excellently built RESIDENCE, fitted with all modern conveniences. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms (h. and c.), 9 acres of well wooded grounds; stabling for 4. Inspected. (11,182)

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ANCIENT ROYAL HUNTING LODGE (one-and-a-half miles from East Grinstead and Forest Row, with its celebrated Links).—This beautiful old building, which is situated in a high sheltered position, has just been thoroughly restored, with latest sanitation, h. and c. bathroom, etc., and has been furnished in keeping with the place. It contains: large oak-panelled and roofed dining-room hall, with ingle nook, drawing room, six bedrooms, and additional man's room could be arranged; stabling, two loose boxes, large motor-house for three cars, with inspection pit. With the House will be let a smart, up-to-date, reliable Motor Car, four-seated tonneau, with competent engineer driver, who will keep car in running order at owner's expense, or House would be Let without car and man.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,962)

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HARRODS, LTD., are the appointed agents for all the principal RESIDENCES on Belgravia and Cadogan Estates, and in the Kensington District, and have also many of those available in Mayfair and Hyde Park. A selected list will be forwarded on receipt of requirements.

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SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Well-furnished and arranged TOWN HOUSE to be LET, containing: 8 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, and very complete domestic offices. Rent, for a six months' tenancy, 5 guineas per week.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE MINUTE FROM THE PARK.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. — Well and completely arranged Bijou RESIDENCE to be LET immediately, comprising: 5 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, and complete offices. Lease, 12 years unexpired, at the very low rental of £90 per annum, for which a small premium is required.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

CHELSEA.—One of the prettiest HOUSES in this locality to be SOLD, containing: 7 bedrooms, 4 reception rooms, bathroom, and very good domestic offices, including housekeeper's room. Long lease of 59 years unexpired, at a ground rent of £12 per annum. Price £2,500. Pretty garden in rear, and the house is fitted with every modern convenience. — Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

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NORTH CORNWALL (Newquay).—To be LET, Furnished, a charmingly-situated Detached RESIDENCE, overlooking the sea and standing in its own pretty grounds. It contains: 4 reception, 9 bedrooms (12 beds), bathroom (h. and c.), manservant's room, and usual offices; gas and water laid on; golf links.—Rent and further particulars of the Agents, as above.

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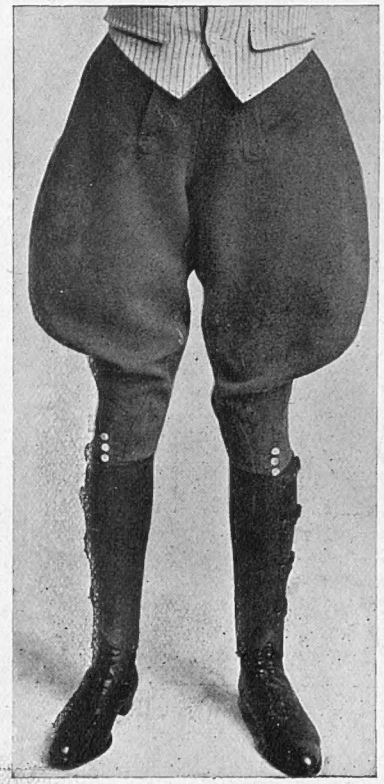

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RICH FEATHER STOLES.

New Fashionable Shape, made from selected feather, and guaranteed not to twist. In NATURAL and BLACK only.

		PRICES.
2½ yards long, 5 strands	as sketch,	16/6
2¾ ,, ,, 6 ,, ...		21/-
3 ,, ,, 6 ,, ...		25/6
2¾ ,, ,, 8 ,, ...		29/6
2½ ,, ,, 5 ,, extra heavy		29/6
2¾ ,, ,, 6 ,, ,, ,, ...		35/6
3 ,, ,, 6 ,, ,, ,, ...		39/6

CLIPPED OSTRICH STOLES.

Made from fine quality real **Ostrich Feather.** In WHITE and GREY, also Natural and Black

2½ yards long, 3 strands	18/9
2¼ ,, ,, 4 ,, White & Grey	25/6
2¼ ,, ,, 4 ,, extra full	29/6
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2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,, in Pastel Shades ..	49/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,, in White only	69/6

REAL OSTRICH STOLES.

Selected Feather, in White, Grey, Natural and Black.

2¼ yards long, 4 strands	21/-
2¾ ,, ,, 5 ,, ...	35/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,, extra quality	49/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,, ,, ,, ...	63/-
2¾ ,, ,, 4 or 5 ,, ,, ,, ...	84/-
2¾ ,, ,, 4 or 5 ,, ,, ,, ...	105/-
2¾ ,, ,, 4 or 5 ,, ,, ,,	from 5 to 14 Gns.

REAL OSTRICH STOLES.

Russian Sable Colour, extra quality.

2½ yards long, 4 strands	69/6
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,, ...	79/6
In Smart Cape Shape	69/6

OMBRE OSTRICH STOLES.

Extra rich quality **Feather,** very full and long, in all light colours, Shading to White, including Cinnamon

2¾ yards long, 4 strands	7 Gns.
2¾ ,, ,, 4 ,, extra rich	9½ Gns.

Sample Stoles sent on Approval.

Clipped Ostrich Stoles (as sketch), in 20 colours, **49/6**

DEBENHAM & FREEBODY

Wigmore Street, London, W.

jingling addenda of powder-box, diminutive hand-glass, scent-bottle, etc., so dear to the heart of fastidious woman.

For the rainy day at Ascot—pretty well a foregone conclusion—those in the know predict the *début* of the close-fitting tight-sleeved coat, enlarged on at some length last week.

We would again caution all who meditate an immediate acquisition to avoid the little tailor, whose incompetence will surely be fired to essay so delusively simple a suit. Whereas, the expert alone knows how to invest it with the requisite style, which is purely and absolutely a matter of cut—an inspired cut, so to say, since there is no defining its intricacies.

Our pictured model for Ascot, with its crossway fold trimmed "jupe," might be expressed in any light-coloured beige or souple cloth, a *soupçon* of colour relief occurring on the collar, and emphasized, perhaps, in *en tout cas* and toque.

The American Invasion

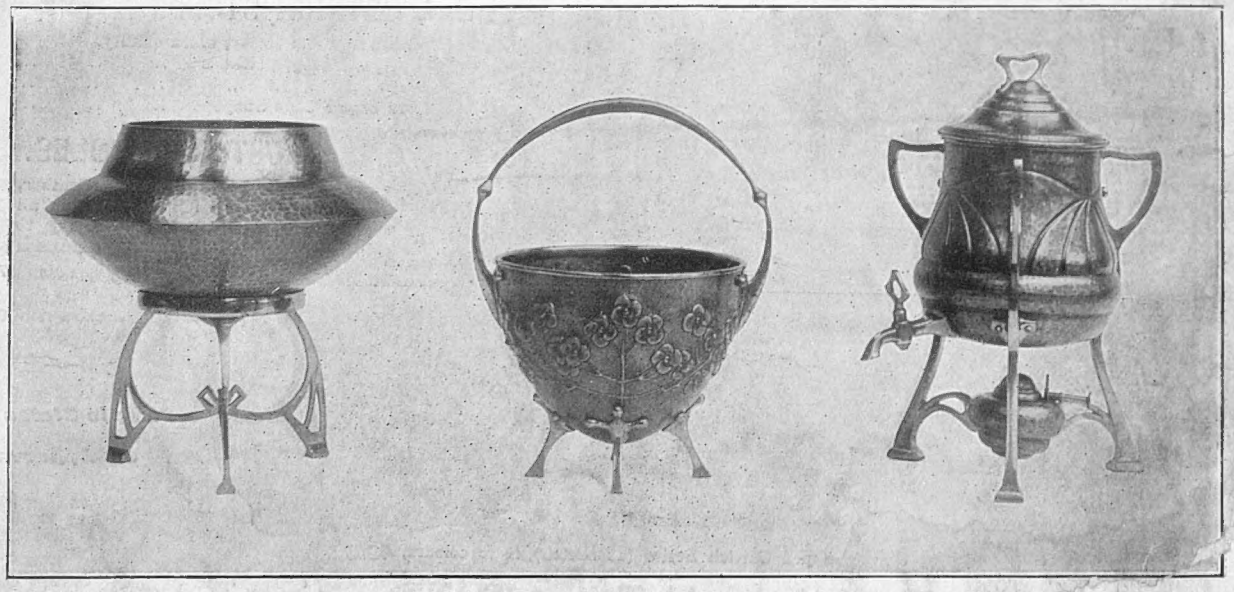
Among other events of the week, we have been enjoying a tour round our own city, one, personally conducted, moreover, by a party of Americans, fallaciously committed to our care. A very short space of time, though, sufficed to put us in *our* proper place, and we were whirled through the Abbey, amidst an avalanche of history—galloped through the Tower, and were treated to a gratuitous dissertation on art, as it should be expressed and understood, at the Academy—all in one short morning. At the end of which time, utterly crushed in spirit and weak from exhaustion, we ordered our *chauffeur* to drive to 100, Oxford Street. Ambrosine, however, with the elasticity of youth reviving a little, at this point ventured the remark that we both knew the splendid comprehensiveness of Messrs. F. and C. Osler, and doubtless could prove of some practical service there. Was the purchase to be cut glass? Because, if so, there were some perfectly beautiful specimens of Intaglio work, and certain glass dinner services in rock crystal cutting, simply superb, and suggesting heirlooms—or perhaps it was electric light fittings that were required? No! Then, surely, rumour must have revealed the recent presence of that charming and curious copper ware, fashioned into flower bowls, trays, afternoon tea kettles, etc.

And, almost, I breathed an audible sigh of relief that this herculean effort on the part of Ambrosine was rewarded by a faint assent. But only on arriving at Messrs. Osler's, did we gather that the primary quest was an American dinner service, which we learned for the first time, to our complete abasement, is a speciality with this Oxford Street firm.

China is a scarce commodity in America, and it has proved a splendid piece of enterprise on the part of Messrs. Osler to produce these special services, with their accompaniment of innumerable small dishes, terrapin pans, oyster plates, etc. All, of course, delightfully exemplified under the supremely good and tasteful ordering of this famous china house.

Frankly, we were both completely fascinated by these American services, and seriously contemplate inaugurating their presence in our own house. Why more Englishwomen have not done so already is a mystery we have still to solve.

In more direct response to English demand, there comes a persuasive service entitled the New Guelph, the plates and dishes distinguished by a little dented edge; while the latest dessert service is a really beautiful Spode inspiration. Reverting to that copper-ware, which comes as a ready answer to the vexed question of a small inexpensive gift, we annexed three models for reproduction, to wit, a kettle, fern stand, and flower vase. From these pictures it will at once be gathered that the treatment hints at a certain primitive roughness, while the designs are eminently classical and correct. But it is characteristic of Messrs. F. and C. Osler that even these incidental trifles express the best art.



A Kettle, Fern Stand, and Flower Vase in Copper Ware

From the collection of Messrs. F. and C. Osler